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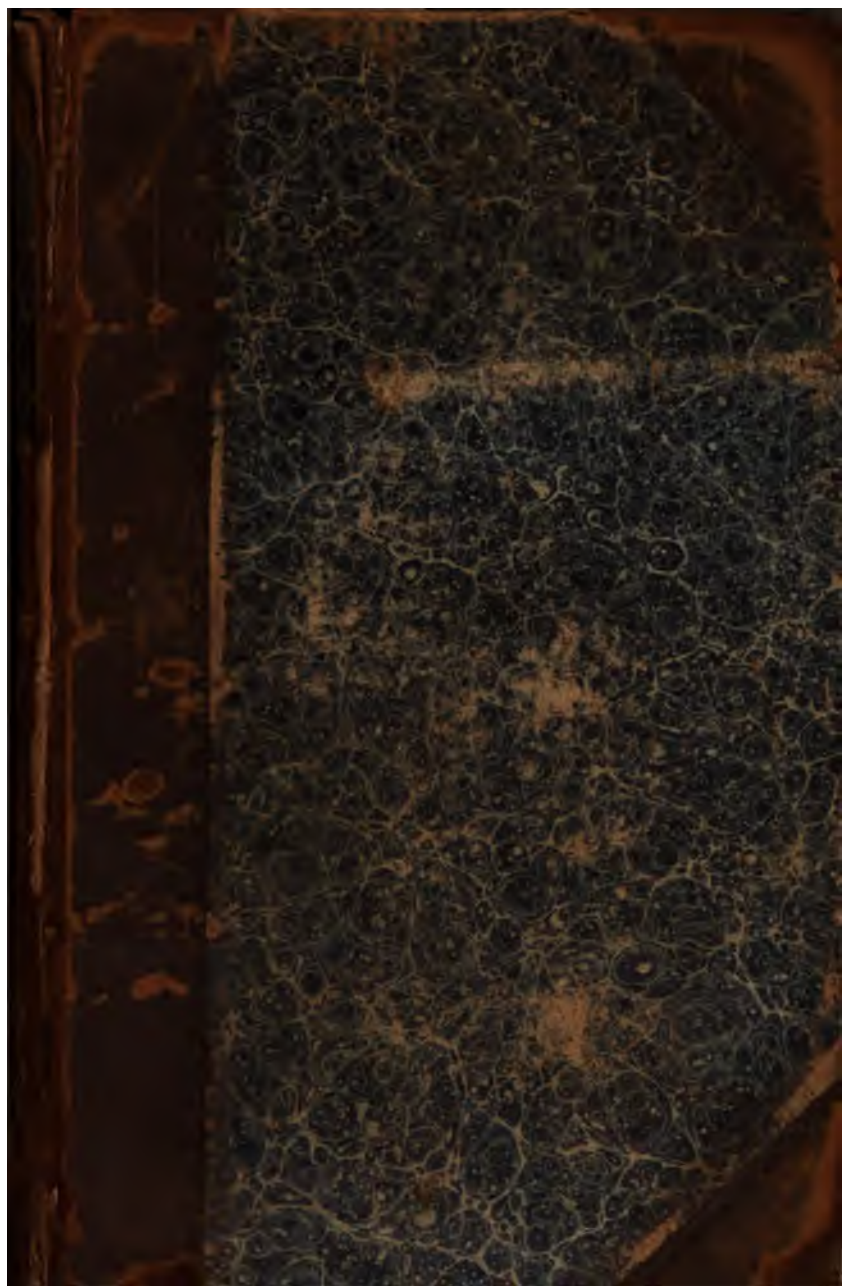
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36.

59.





ROMANTIC
for the
ROMANTIC AND THE CHIVALROUS



OF THE ROMANTIC AND THE CHIVALROUS
THE ROMANTIC AND THE CHIVALROUS

LONDON, W. H. BAKER & CO.



RHYMES

FOR

THE ROMANTIC AND THE CHIVALROUS.

BY

D. C. D.

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1836.

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TO THE PUBLIC,

THE BEST, THE MOST IMPARTIAL, AND THE SUPREME JUDGE

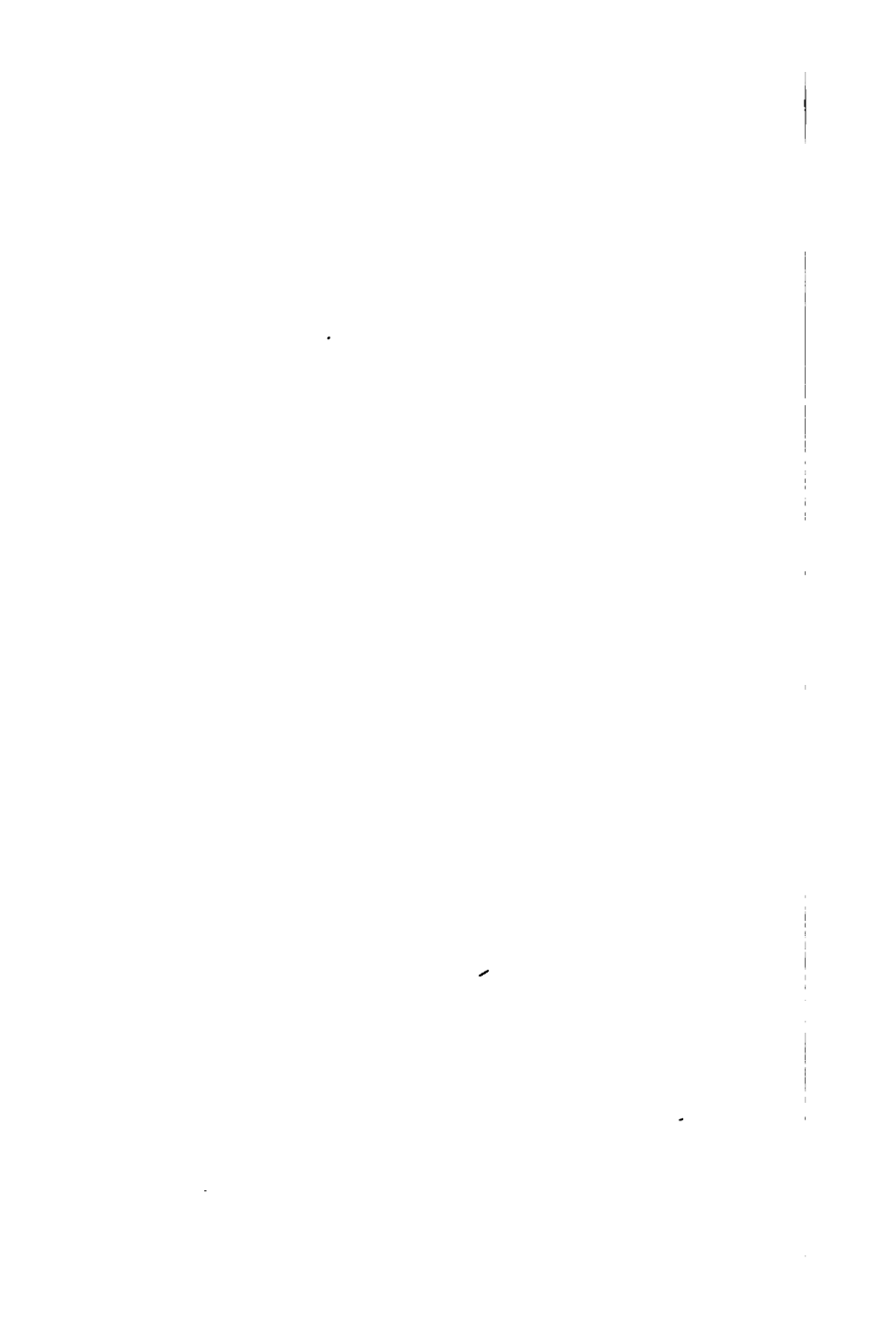
IN

Literature,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

WHEN gloom is gathering fast around
On mosque, and minaret, and tower,
On river, bank, and dewy ground—
When night begins to close the flower ;
When Ganges' mighty wave is dark,
And sparkles to the eye no more,
Save with the lanthorn in the bark
Moor'd until daylight near the shore,
Or where the starlight beam descending
Is with the crystal current blending ;

When fire-flies through the darkness wheel,
And gleam and glance like sparks of steel,
The Hindoo Maiden stands beside
Her native river's rapid tide.
With beating heart and trembling hand,
 Stooping she lights her little lamp,
Then takes the flowers of wave and land,
 The rose and water-lily damp
With heavy dew, and having bound
Their stems together, lays them round
The earthen bowl ; and now o'er all
Within the flowers' encircling thrall,
Flickering amid the cool night-air,
The light is firmly fixed with care ;
Then lastly, on the current swift
The maiden casts the whole adrift.
Frail bark to send !—frail bark to sweep
Unpiloted along the deep !

Away, away it floats! and now,
With many a prayer, with many a vow,
She sees it drifting swiftly by
 Pagoda tall, and towering palm,
She watches it with anxious eye,
 And bosom striving to be calm.
If it but round yon jutting bank,
 Ceasing to glimmer on the sight,
Her heart may bound with joy, and thank
 Kind Brahma for its prosperous flight!—
It is a sure and blissful sign
 That soon her lover will return.
But if, like stars that cease to shine,
 Veiled in the heavens, it cease to burn,
Or should it sink beneath the tide
 When still within the vision's reach,
It is an omen he hath died,
 And lies, perchance, upon the beach

Unburied, in the rolling surf ;
Or laid beneath the kinder turf,
Or on the caravan's long track
Below the desert's scorching sand,
Never again to hasten back
To his sweet love, and native land,
Nor live, nor worship more beside
His Ganges' pure and sacred tide.

Away, away it floats ! its gleam
Seems wandering bravely down the stream.
Alas ! the mind forgets how frail—
A breath, a momentary gale
May soon extinguish yonder light,
That now gleams hopefully, and bright :
The eddying waves may draw it down,
And hope and all together drown,
Or it may strike the bank and sink,
Or ground upon the billows' brink.

Yet Brahma bless thee! may thy prayer

Young Hindoo maid be heard, and oh!

May Camdu take to his own care

Thy offering; then the gust may blow,

The current whirl, but vainly—long

Thy little lamp shall glisten strong,

And soon thine own bright eyes shall learn

Thy lover's safe and glad return!

So like that gentle Brahmin maid,

The Minstrel, anxiously afraid,

Casts o'er the scene of earth, and life

A long, a sad foreboding look,

Ere to its mercy and its strife,

He launches forth his little book.

Like her poor votive lamp and flowers,

As nearly worthless are his lines,

And oftener far Misfortune lowers

Than Fortune full and brightly shines;

One breath of blame his bark might 'whelm,
Sweeping it to Oblivion's realm.

For O ! how many a bard ere now,
With broken heart and aching brow,
Hath seen his works of long, long toil
Add to Oblivion's mighty spoil.

But let us steer by hope, that flame
Which guides to Virtue, and to Fame,
That urges man to burst each bar,
As through the mist-veil breaks the star.

Ye too, for whom the bard hath sung,
The noble-natured and the young,
Say, where is he who would not seek
Approval's smile from Beauty's cheek ?

O ! one wild burst of generous praise,
From spleenless hearts and lovely lips,
And eyes that warm like sunny rays
Unclouded by the haze eclipse,

Is more than all th' applause of art,
 That comes not from a glowing heart,
 Or that which, when at length 't is wrung
 From Critic-Censure's bitter tongue,
 Is scarcely more than barely just ;
 Praise that is like the winter's gust
 That 'numbs the frame, that chills the blood,
 And freezes o'er the running flood.
 But ye ! the Chivalrous and Young,
 For whom the bard hath humbly sung—
 Ye ! whose full flood of heart can roll
 In the same channel, tide, and motion,
 With that of his own youthful soul,
 Like streams that, ere they reach the Ocean,
 Oft for a few short hours unite
 In the same course their mutual flight,
 Have mercy on the Minstrel's strain,
 And let his lyre not sound in vain !

By your high aid he chiefly hopes
To climb Fame's rugged, toilsome slopes ;
Give him but that, his humble song
Must flourish fair and flourish long.
Be not too critically cold,
O'erlook the errors of his style,
His youthful judgment, nor withhold
Though faint they be, the praise, the smile,
The favour that may one day lead
His mind matured, to worthier deed.
Remember, he is young who sings,
Age may aspire to prouder things,
While slight discouragement, unkind,
Will damp the quick, and timid mind.
The leaves of early spring, when first
The buds to warmth and sunshine burst,
Most feel the frosts, most feel the blight—
Soon hardier grown they scorn their might.

Take the most promising infant pine,
 And tear away the topmost shoot—
 Slight seems the hurt, yet suns may shine
 And cooling showers may feed the root,
 But nurse and nourish it in vain,
 'T will never tower above the plain,
 The forest's tallest, straightest child,
 The loftiest stem of wood or wild,
 Never becoming fit to form
 The bark's true mast in gust or storm.

The poet may be like the vine
 That needed prop round which to twine,
 That needed care and aid from man,
 Ere with its fruit the wine-press ran.
 Had it been left upon the ground
 To straggle carelessly around,
 By herd and heedless footstep torn,
 Bruised, and of all its vigour shorn—

Its purple grapes had ne'er been seen
Peeping from out the leaves of green.

And if, by his unstudied art

And numbers wild, the Bard should raise
One glow within the Patriot's heart,

Or if to Youth's smooth cheek, his lays

The blush of bliss should e'er impart ;

And if but one approving word

Of warm and worthy praise be heard—

Then hours of sorrow-soothing toil,

His musing o'er the midnight oil,

Are well repaid ; then, then the strain

Is not quite worthless, not in vain.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface... ..	5
The Chieftain's Bark	17
The Mountain-Sylph	35
The Storm-Spirit	45
Ilula, or the Spirit's Bride	53
Albert and Agnes	65
The Knight to his Steed	75
Hofer to the Tyrolese	78
The Heather... ..	81
Stanzas	85
Oh! the foaming Ocean	87
Mountain Music	90
Stanzas for Music... ..	94
Stanzas	96
Yacht Song	98
The Fairies' Gathering	101
Stanzas	103
A Reflection	105
Reflections	106
Translation of a Song by Körner... ..	108
Stanzas	112
The Heather-Wreath	114
The Assination... ..	119
It is not where the Board of Banquet, &c.	121
Song	123
Stanzas	125
The Forest-King	127
Stanzas	133
Stanzas for Music	135
The Isle of Mirth	137

	PAGE
Shakspeare and the Fairies	139
The Two Kings	142
Boat Song	144
Lowly Love	147
The Kentish Bowmen at the Battle of Cressy... ..	149
Serenade	159
Love's Signal-Bell	156
The Voice	161
A Wish	163
The Ancient Mariner to the Pole-star	165
Stanzas	169
Oh ! Midnight is the Hour for Weeping	171
Whispers from a Gondola	174
The Minstrel's devoir	177
The Chieftain's Daughter	179
Friendship	182
Serenade	183
A Reflection	186
The Grave of the Patriot Warrior	188
Calais Chimes	191
The Lover-Confessor	192
Stanzas... ..	194
The Wealthy Merchant to his Native River	196
Stanzas... ..	200
The Ocean-Cave	202
Friendship	205
Stanzas	207
The Day of Battle	210
The Solitary	213
The Erl-King	216
Stanzas	219
The Storm-Boatman's Song	221
The Ear-Shell	224
The Sword... ..	227

THE CHIEFTAIN'S BARK.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S BARK.

MY meal was made—the friendly Friar
Heaped with fresh logs the failing fire,
Then smiled to see the fitful blaze,
Repay his toil with steady rays,
While wreaths of flame, and smoke allied,
Whirled, eddying up the chimney wide.
And each one to the embers clear,
Drew his rude oaken settle near ;
For sooth to say, the night was cold,
And 'neath the lofty lattice, rolled
The Ocean flood on shore, and gave
Strong tokens of the wintry wave,

While anything but warmth was thrown,
From the damp cell, and walls of stone.
Then, ever and anon, the gust
Shook from the casement-bars the rust,
Through every crevice rudely crept,
Moaning, around the chamber swept,
And gathering oft, with roaring hoarse,
Flung on the outward wall its force ;
While shook, though founded on a rock,
The Convent Towers beneath the shock.
But little cared we for the blast,
Or surge upon the sea-shore cast ;
The fire, with cheerful noise, oft drowned
The tempest's melancholy sound,
And threw sweet light and warmth around—
There, safe beyond the billows' mark,
We scarcely thought of foundering bark,

Or if we did, our hearts but swelled
With pity, for the souls compelled
In such a storm, on such a night,
To meet the sea's opposing might,
Then in the contrast felt delight,
While we compared our sheltered state,
With their dark doom, and threatened fate.
Long had I marked each flaming brand,
Thought of my dear, though distant land,
Or fancied in the embers red
Some friendly form, or well-known head ;
When the old Monk's inquiry kind,
Dispelled the dreaming of my mind.
“ These wintry nights are passing long,
Would you some minstrel's touching song,
Some ancient legendary lay,
To while the heavy hours away ?—

Say but the word ; or shall I read
Of conquering charms, and knightly deed ?
I've manuscripts that mark the tale
Of manhood proud, and beauty pale :
Or—but perchance you would prefer
In easy pleasure pondering there." —
" Nay, my good friend, with all my heart
I take your offer ; minstrel's art
Is sweet enchantment, it can raise
The long-fled scenes of former days—
Tradition's fount, the tale of might,
To me bring draughts of deep delight."
I scarcely spoke—the Friar turned
From where the beech-logs brightly burned,
Then took the little lamp, and trimmed
The wavering wick, now well nigh dimmed,
Rose up, and from a gloomy nook,
Brought out with trembling hand, a book

Of ponderous import, stained with damp,
And bound with many a brazen clamp ;
Worthless, apparently, and old,
But worth its very weight in gold ;
One of those volumes that record,
Chaste Beauty's power o'er Knightly sword.
The well preserved, though musty page,
Had fought successfully with age,
And chronicled in gilded rhyme
The actions of an earlier time.
He laid it down, a moment paused,
From the fatigue its weight had caused,
Then off the cover swept the dust,
And freed the stiffened clasps from rust,
Opened it wide, and gave to light
The vellum leaves and letters bright,
And turned the pages o'er, to find
The story chosen in his mind.

But e'er the legend he began,
Thus briefly spake the holy man—
"The tale that I proceed to tell,
Suits place, and moment passing well.
'T was near—beneath this very tower,
In such a storm, at such an hour
As now holds sway, the' event occurred,
Which in the legend is averred."
Again he pondered o'er the page,
Then in a voice, though touched by age,
Carrying the charm of cadence clear,
He read to my attentive ear,
The story of a by-gone year.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S BARK.

A BALLAD.

I.

"O! haste thee, my gallant bark in flight,"

The Chieftain cried to his galley light—

"Thou never hast failed me, in hour of need,

In chase, or escape, by thy peerless speed,

Thou must never fail to night."

II.

And the galley seemed those words to know,

For she bowed to the water, with motion slow ;

Her white-winged mast, as the warrior's crest,

With its tall white plume, at his chief's behest,

Is bent with obeisance low.

III.

And she sprang, like the horse at the trumpet's sound,
With a prouder pace, and a higher bound ;
In vain the surges resist her course,
She dashes them far with fearful force,
In glittering foam around.

IV.

Largely the sails of that galley shew,
Though with threatening power the night winds blow,
And the wide sail sweeps o'er the wave so white,
As the sea-bird oft wets his wings in flight,
When he skims o'er the Ocean low.

V.

And the tempest is out, for you may mark
Broad bursts of spray round the gallant bark,
And the billows roll o'er her buried deck,
Like the ripples that rush round the wild swan's neck,
When the lake with storm is dark.

VI.

But the boat must bear her pressing sail,
Though it rend to shreds in the freshening gale,
Though the towering mast, from its place of pride,
Should stoop, and fall o'er her slanting side,
To the blast she must never quail.

VII.

For fair on the deck stands a trembling Maid—
Ah! well may she fear, she hath disobeyed
The harsh command of her haughty sire,
She hath fled from his care, and his cruel ire,
By that well-loved Chieftain's aid.

VIII.

They have erred, they have erred, that youthful pair,
That chieftain bold, and that maiden fair;
They have fearfully erred against Heaven above,
In yielding their duty to reckless love—
Oh! may they repent in prayer.

IX.

And close in their wake, with anger wild,
Swiftly the father pursues his child ;
His crew are many, his bark is fleet—
Alas ! with life-blood, if they should meet,
The wave would be defiled.

X.

Now the Chieftain consoles the trembling Fair :
“ Oh ! yield thee not, dearest ! to sad despair—
I have never known my bark to fail,
And nothing mortal e'er passed her sail,
Then fear not the galley there.

XI.

“ And what though thy sire should gain on our flight,
And though I should meet him in desperate fight,
Though my father's blood were upon his blade,
Yet for thy dear sake, would mine arm be stayed,
Then dim not thine eyes so bright.

XII.

“ And see ! see that light, far over the wave,
Where the waters the dark horizon lave,
You would think it only a twinkling star,
But I know it well, though so faint, and far,
’T is the light that shines to save.

XIII.

“ ’T is the bright beacon-fire, that nightly burns
To guide the bark as it home returns,
And the vessel, that knows not her way to steer
By its ray, dare not even attempt to clear
The shoals with their endless turns.

XIV.

“ And close by that beacon, my turrets rear
Their gloomy shadows, in grandeur drear
Wildly, indeed do they frown above
The cliff’s pale brow ; but with thee, and love,
Gay will those towers appear.

XV.

" Ah ! see ! by the breakers that heavily roll,
We are now just within the mazy shoal,
We are safe !—we are safe, as if iron wall
Its bulwark raised—we are safe from all,
Then soothe thy troubled soul.

XVI.

" Now soon shall we moor beneath my tower,
Safe from the storm, and thy father's power ;
Then love's soft bonds shall our fates unite,
And the Church shall bless with the nuptial rite ;
Think—think of that happy hour !"

XVII.

Thou shalt never, young Chieftain ! thy castle see,
Thou must fall—the last leaf of a stately tree ;
Another home for thy coming waits,
Already it opens its awful gates ;
'T is the home of Eternity !

XVIII.

Oh! horror! what means that sudden shock—
The bark—she hath struck on the sunken rock;
Down—down she rolls on her riven side;
In rush the waves with o'erwhelming tide;
'T was that light's delusive mock!

XIX.

Yes! the Chieftain mistook, in the mist of night,
Some fiend-lit flame for the friendly light
Of his beacon fire—and thus misled,
Hath steered his bark on the rocks of dread,
Mid the surf's devouring might.

XX.

High flies that surf o'er her quivering mast,
She rocks—she reels—she is sinking fast!
Oh! what shall become of those lovers true?
Alas! to this world they must sigh adieu,
They have lived, and loved their last.

XXI.

And where is that youthful, and beauteous pair,
While on every forehead broods fierce despair?
They are locked in each other's arms—their eyes
Are upward turned to the lofty skies,
They look for safety there.

XXII.

The Chieftain fears not, he speaks not a word,
But he points to the cross of his trusty sword;
Oh! it tells, that he hopes in Heaven above,
By that sacred sign of redeeming love,
They may meet their blessed Lord.

XXIII.

Down goes the bark in the boiling deep,
One shriek of death, and together sleep
The young, the beauteous, the strong, the brave,
O'erwhelmed in the same wide Ocean grave;
Oh! weep for those victims, weep!

XXIV.

Yes ! weep for thy daughter, thou cruel sire,
Well, well may'st thou rend thy rich attire ;—
But vain is thy grief ;—ay ! in vain bedew
Those tears thy cheek—for will life renew
Upon earth her fitful fire ?

XXV.

Softly they sleep,—they have found a home,
A tomb for their dust in the snow-white foam ;
O'er many a mortal the wave hath swept,
But they are the fairest that ever slept
'Neath the Waters' dark green dome.

XXVI.

Then weep for the death of that Maiden bright,
And weep for that faithful and gallant Knight ;
Oh ! pray that their souls, by the faith that calls
Weak sinful creatures to Heaven's high halls,
May rise to eternal light !

THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.

THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.

“ Yet dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart.”

Wordsworth.

FAIR Mountain Sylph! my thoughts still cleave
To thee, I was so loath to leave;
Moons have moved on, since thou and I
Were curtained by the same clear sky;
Between us, leagues of land and main,
Draw tyrant Separation's chain;
But still thy voice, thy manners mild,
Thy ways so innocently wild,
Thy graceful air, so free from art,
Are deeply graven on my heart.

Distance and absence cannot blind
The mystic vision of the mind
That Memory prompts ; there—there at least,
On long-flown scenes may feeling feast.
I never see the mountain blue,
But it recalls thee to my view ;
I never see a lone lake-isle,
But it reminds me of thy smile,
As when thy voice so wildly gay,
Chanting thy country's native lay,
Announced thy fairy form at hand—
As when I saw thee simply stand,
The fairest flower of Mountain land.

Thou didst not need the thousand arts
That Woman learns for conquering hearts ;
For though so far from haunts of men,
And living in so lone a glen,

Thy suitor-crowd around thee swelled,
(Though all unsought, and some repelled),
Like bees that swarm from honeyed nest,
To flowers sweeter than the rest ;
Or kneeling pilgrims at the shrine
Where lamps, and gifts of splendour shine ;
Or like the weary barks that fly,
And crowd when hurricanes are nigh,
To some safe port, beyond the reach
Of whelming wave, or leeward beach.
But ah ! like ships that strike the rock,
Were those who dared about thee flock ;
Like those on whom misfortunes frown,
In the mad whirlpool hurried down ;
Like moths that wanton with the flame
That scorches up their filmy frame,
Those daring ones were wrecked or lost,
Their hope was blighted, love was crossed ;

And thou, the innocent cause thou art,
Of many a sad and broken heart.

'T was well I knew thy fate was fixed,
Ere in thy gay pursuits I mixed,
Else I had felt for thee, fair Maid,
The love thou could'st not have repaid ;
So winning thy attractions were,
So formed to dazzle, and ensnare !
Thy locks that fell so sweetly down
A brow that never knew a frown ;—
Thy lip so seldom curled by pride ;—
Thy cheek so fair, save when 't was dyed
By modesty—thy footstep light—
Thy figure fairy-like and slight,
Were glorious all,—oh ! add to these
Thy goodness, and thy wish to please,

And where exists the man on earth,
Who would not worship to such worth !

Ay ! where do hearts too coldly beat,
To pour their homage at thy feet ?
The very spot that gave thee birth,
To me is holy, sacred earth ;
The homely house, that saw thy smile,
Far prouder than a palace-pile ;
Lake, hamlet, mountain, torrent, tree,
Are hallowed all by thoughts of thee ;
The hours, the days we passed together,
Upon thy native Highland heather,
Seem, as my memory backward strays,
The brightest summer of my days.

To drive thee from my mind is vain,
My thoughts are still thine own domain.

I wonder if thou yet art seen
In thy own land a Highland queen!
I wonder if thy state is changed,
Since by thy side I proudly ranged —
Have witnessed vows to Heaven above,
Yet linked thee to thy chosen love?
But oh! whate'er, where'er thou art,
Thou hast the homage of my heart!
And should'st thou ever chance to ponder,
On one, once blessed with thee to wander,
Oh, may a sister's pure affection,
Be mine still, at the recollection.

Fair Violet of the Mountain vale!
My heart must pause, my life must fail,
Ere I forget to waft the prayer,
That happiness may be thy share.

May every joy that dwells on earth,
Vigour, and Strength, and bright-eyed Mirth,
And smiling Wit, and comely Health,
And calm Content, and rich-robed Wealth,
With thee abide—may Faith and Love
Oft lead thy thoughts to realms above ;
May Hope, sweet, welcome child, ne'er cease
To visit thee with words of peace !
Grief thou must have, but may each grief
Be light, and beautifully brief !
Ah ! never may thy soul outlive
What nought on earth again can give,
Those finer feelings of the heart—
Life's better, lovelier, holier part.
Oh ! may'st thou with thy gallant lord
Live e'er adoring, e'er adored :
In thy fair children may'st thou find
Obedience, and affection kind !

Happy in all ;—and when the knife
Of Fate shall part thy thread of life—
Oh ! when the undying Spirit leaves
The shrine of clay, to which it cleaves
A short-lived hour—then may'st thou know,
Far from this world of tears and woe,
That holy Heaven where angels rest,
For ever blessing, ever blessed !

THE STORM-SPIRIT.

THE STORM-SPIRIT.

Oh! tempt not the wrath of the raging sea,
Nor loosen thy galley till morning light,
For the signs and the omens are warning thee,
That the Storm-spirit stalks o'er the deep to night.

By the foaming surge,
That illumines the dark,
Whose din is the dirge
Of the sinking bark :

By the surf which breaks
On the sea-girt shore,
That trembles, and shakes,
At the fearful roar :

By the streak of light,
Where the clouds are riven—
By the scud, in flight
O'er the dark sky driven :

By the mists that sail
Round the white cliff's peak ;
By the boding wail
Of the sea-bird's shriek,
The Spirit of Storm is abroad to-night,
In the war of waves—hast thou no affright ?

An awful form,
Is the Spirit of Storm,
When he moves o'er his world, o'er the tossing main ;
When he bounds in might,
O'er the billows white,
On his courser, the headlong Hurricane.

His weapon of death
Is the whirlwind's breath,-
So swift to strike, and so sure to slay,
When it cometh forth
From the mystic North,
Rash mortal!—resist not—away! away!

The thunder-clouds
Form the robe that shrouds
In folds terrific, the Tempest-king ;
The flash of his eyes
Is the lightning, that flies
When the red bolt bursts, and the heavens ring.

He loves the sound,
When the breakers bound,
But the music his soul esteems the best,

Is the shriek of despair,
And the hopeless prayer,
When the wreck rolls away to her long, deep rest.

Then tempt not the wrath of the raging sea,
Nor loosen thy galley till morning light,
For the signs and the omens are warning thee,
That the Storm-spirit stalks o'er the deep this night.

“What care I for tempest?—what care I for flood?
I dread not the waves, nor the Spirit's might,
For behind the avenger of guilt and blood
Fast follows my track—I must fly, this night.—

“I must fly, though the arch-fiend himself should dwell
In the wrath of the storm;—I must feel no fear
Though the boiling billows enfold a hell,—
On the deep I *may* live, but never *here*.”

He loosened his galley—he dared the tide—

They were all iron hearts, that crew, and brave,

But the Storm-spirit met them—he passed in his pride ;—

Where rests she, that bark ? in the rolling wave !

IÜLA;
OR
THE SPIRIT'S BRIDE.

IÜLA.

THE tower is high, and the crags are steep,
And fathoms below rolls the restless deep,
A thousand clouds o'er the summit chase,
And a thousand billows are at the base.

The cliffs are like walls, and the walls are strong,
But they could not imprison the beauty long,
For passionate love—it will rend the rock,
And vain 'gainst its power is the subtlest lock.

The mild ray of morn on the Isle was thrown,
And the gate was secure, but the beauty had flown ;

No footprint nor mark shewed the crags had been scaled,
And the flight of the maiden dark Mystery veiled.



“Iüla ! Iüla !” beneath her tower,
The Unknown sang, at the midnight hour,
“I have come through the air, I have come o’er the sea,
I have come from the regions of flame to thee.

“I have gathered my splendour from every star,
Each a sun to the worlds that are wandering far ;
For each of those orbs is to me a home,
A palace of glory—a dazzling dome.

“And now I am floating before thy face,
As I never yet came unto mortal race,

For I am a spirit unknown—unseen
Until thou the first hast beheld my mien.

“Thou seest the essence that mortals call
The Ideal Beauty pervading all,
The Soul of Sublimity—I exalt
The feelings from earth’s dark sensual vault.

“Long, long have I loved thee; ere thou wert
born,

I marked thee for mine—I have deeply sworn
That thy spiritual beauty shall ne’er belong
To any that move ’mid the mortal throng.

“Iüla! Iüla! since earth was freed
From the grasp of Chaos, it was decreed,
That I should love, and might strive to win
The purest maid from its bowers of sin.

"I ask thee, the purest, to be my bride,—

Iüla! I bear not to be denied.

Oh! prefer not the part of a prisoned slave,

To wandering free as the wind or wave."



Fearful yet fair was the Unknown's form,
And grand as the moonshine that strives with storm ;
And his eyes were like stars which have made their
pillow,
And mellowed their gleam on the glassy billow.

The blaze of the glory that wreathed and crowned
His radiant forehead, obscured and drowned
The light of the stars and the circling moon,
And gave to the midnight the air of noon.

no.

the



ESCAPE OF A SOUL FROM THE DEADLY HEIGHT
 OF THE NIGHT, AND THE TORMENT THAT ENVELOPES BY NIGHT

(From the "Hymns of the Night")

Awful he was, as the dream that's shown
By sleep—the dream of a world unknown ;
But the tone of his winning voice rose high,
And soft as the music of Love's first sigh.

And where was the maiden who long could list
To such sweet entreaties, and yet resist ?
She could not, she could not !— Iüla felt
Her spirit with love for the Unknown melt.

“ Iüla ! Iüla ! ” the Spirit cried,
“ Well know I thy heart,—I have won my bride.
Now trust thee to me, love, nor fear to fall,
But cast thyself down from thy turret-wall.”

Lightly she sprang from the headlong height,
Like the mist of the torrent* that falls by night

* Every one who has seen the fall of the Staubbach, in Switzerland, will at once know that I have taken this image from my

In the silvery moonshine, or bird that springs
From the cloud-robed cliffs, on his wide-stretched
wings.

But long ere she reaches the shining face
Of the flood that foams at the mountain's base,
The arms of the Unknown are fondly wreathed
Round the loveliest mortal that ever breathed.

And he kissed the fair maiden, and she became
A spirit as formless and light as flame,

recollections of it. The Staubbach, literally meaning, the river of dust, is a slender stream that falls from the top of an almost perpendicular precipice of three or four hundred feet, so that every particle of water is melted into mist before it reaches the valley below. It has a most beautiful appearance, resembling a falling column of stainless smoke, or airy gossamer. This column of water is so excessively light that it waves to and fro in the wind; and when the breeze is tolerably strong it is not allowed to reach the ground in a direct line, the bottom of it being swept away from the rock, and curled completely upwards, something like the tail of a white horse flying loose on the gale.

And away o'er the ocean they flew—away !

Like the fitting vapour, or drifting spray.

And the Unknown smiled as he bore along,

The maid he had gained by the magic of song.

“ They may seek thee, Iüla, in bower and hall,

But in vain they will search, and in vain they will call.

“ Can they dive through the world of the viewless
deep?

Ay! but 't will be to eternal sleep.

In flame can they find us, or would they dare

To follow us on through the fields of air?

“ Till the suns of Creation shall cease to shine,

The abodes of glory to me and mine,

Till the strength of destruction is bid to disperse

Each iron-bound drop of the Universe,—

"I am thine, Iüla, and thine for ever,
 Unless soul in the wreck of all should sever ;
 Spirit to spirit, and heart to heart,
 While Eternity lives, we shall never part !"

* * * * * * *
 * * / * * * * *

And Iüla hath left, and hath lost the earth,
 And hath gained a portion far better worth ;
 For her home is now in each sun's bright globe,
 Begirt by flame, with a fiery robe.

The range of the elements now is her own,
 To wander through regions to man unknown ;
 O'er the souls of mortals her sway is wide,
 And she is for ever a Spirit's Bride.

Note.—After writing the above rhapsody I found that I had partly followed in idea the philosophy of the Rosicrucians, a sect that arose, or at least first came into notice in Germany about the fourteenth century. These fanatics have been distinguished by many names, such as invisible brethren, *immortales*, from their pretending to prolong life and restore youth; *illuminati*, from their boasting of the knowledge of all things. They were enthusiastic in seeking for the philosopher's stone; and their name is supposed to have been derived, not as some have thought, from the two Latin words, *rosa*, rose, and *cruz*, cross, but from the Latin words, *ros*, dew, and *cruz*, cross; for of all natural bodies, dew was deemed the most powerful dissolvent of gold, and the cross in chemical language is equivalent to light. Now *lux* is called by this sect the seed, or menstruum of the red dragon, or in other words that gross and corporeal light which when properly digested and modified produces gold; hence it follows, and this etymology is admitted, that a Rosicrucian philosopher is one who by the assistance of the dew seeks for light, or in other words, the philosopher's stone. The part of their visionary philosophy that I have adopted, is the assumption that there is in nature a sort of Divine energy or soul, as may be seen from the following passage extracted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Article, Rosicrucian.

“They all hold that there is a sort of Divine energy or soul diffused through the frame of the universe, which some call the *Argheus*, others the universal spirit, and which others mention under different appellations.”

ALBERT AND AGNES ;

A Romance.

ALBERT AND AGNES.

[FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

IN the tower of his fathers he hung up his shield,—
No more to his lance did the proud Paynim yield ;
Sir Rudolph the Valiant, the dread of all foes,
From the toil of the warrior sought honoured repose.

The last of his race, was Sir Rudolph the Brave,
His tears had been shed on his only son's grave,
And oft, where the cypress waved darkly above,
He mourned for the heir of his line, and his love.

And Agnes the Beauteous, with bright sunny hair,
Like the swan in her grace—the sole child of his care,
The hope of his heart, the support of his years,
Smiled away all his grief, kissed away all his tears.

Yet alas! the fair maiden had grief of her own,
For oft when the moon on the grey turret shone,
The air heard her sigh for young Albert, who burned
To call her his bride, and whose love was returned.

But Sir Ernest, who boasted his race, and whose hand
Held a hundred brave lances beneath its command,
For the love of the lady heaved many a sigh,
While the sire saw his suit with a favouring eye.

It chanced at a feast where each rival was guest,
That the maiden's soft hand by young Albert was
pressed,

And the daring in vain she essayed to reprove,
For her eye filled with tears, not of anger, but love.

Then high blazed Sir Ernest's fierce passion and pride,
And wildly he glanced at the sword by his side ;
On the brow of the Knight burned the blush of the morn,
Fire flashed from his lid, and his lip curled with scorn.

Then burst forth his voice, like the thunder's deep
 sound,
As in fury he dashed down his glove on the ground ;—
“ Base serf ! I defy thee to mortal affray,
Near the castle I wait thee ;” then turned him away.

Brave Albert cared little for Ernest's fierce rage,
As slowly and coolly he lifted the gage,
Then looked to the lady, and kissed off the tear,
That dimmed her blue eye for his safety so dear.

Redly the mail shone, and flashed with the ray
Of the bright evening sun, as the knights rode
away ;

The deer sought their lair in affright, for the ground
Resounded, and shook with their chargers' swift
bound.

And the lady looked down from her tower on the
fight ;

She saw the foes meet, and their armour gleam bright,
The lances cross, shiver, and Albert fall dead ;—
No more saw fair Agnes,—sight, feeling, life fled.

Sir Ernest spurred back to the castle in fear ;
He heard cries of woe, as his courser drew near—
He entered—there lay the sweet maid he adored,
Pale—lifeless.—In phrenzy he rushed on his sword.

Sir Rudolph beheld the cold corse of his child,
Long—long he hung o'er it in agony wild ;
Tearless, motionless, voiceless, an image of Grief,
Then of silent despair died the heart-broken Chief.

**LYRICS, SONGS, BALLADS,
&c.**

THE KNIGHT TO HIS STEED.

THERE is a light in the valley to-night,
And it beams from my lady's bower ;
'T is lighted to guide my course as I ride
Through the gloom of the moonless hour.
Then forward my steed, like the arrow just freed
From the bow, on the hostile host ;
Soon, soon shall I view, if thy foot be but true,
The maiden I love the most.

My bosom's fair dame, who hath lighted that flame,
Sits watching beside its ray,
She listens to hear the courser draw near,
And chides at my slight delay.

Then forward my steed, like the arrow just freed
From the bow on the hostile host ;
Soon, soon shall I view, if thy foot be but true,
The maiden I love the most.

And Eva's soft hand, at whose sign of command
A king would be proud to serve,
Hath often caressed thy smooth arching crest,
And praised thee for grace and nerve.
Then forward my steed, like the arrow just freed
From the bow on the hostile host ;
Oh ! surely thou 'lt aid my course to the maid
Who gave thee such cause to boast.

Thou must dare the wide leap, where the wild waters
sweep
O'er the rough crags in ceaseless strife,
For the maiden to whom I career through the gloom,
Is worth all the risk of life.

Then forward my steed, like the arrow just freed
From the bow on the hostile host ;
Now soon shall I view, if thy foot be but true,
The maiden I love the most.

The lattice is nigh, for the flame rises high,
As the beacon that burns through storm —
And, ah ! do I dream ?—no ! I see by its beam
My own Eva's lovely form.
Oh ! forward my steed, like the arrow just freed
From the bow on the hostile host ;
In a moment I meet, if thy foot be but fleet,
The maiden I love the most.

HOFER TO THE TYROLESE.

Oh ! fly where the banners of Freedom are floating,
Your life at the shrine of your country devoting ;
Where the trumpets are wakening the warmth of the
coldest,
Where gather the best, and where muster the boldest.
Your lands are besieged, and your rights are in danger,
Ye will never be ruled by the rod of the stranger :—
No ! rather the battle, to conquer or perish,
For the land that ye love, for the rights that ye
cherish.

No impulse of honour nor pride hath unsheathed
 The sword by a brave race of fathers bequeathed ;
 Our birthright was freedom, as well as the blade,
 It is sworn to flash forth when the haughty invade ;
 For our land is besieged, and our rights are in danger,
 We will never be ruled by the rod of the stranger :—
 No ! rather the battle, to conquer or perish,
 For the land that we love—for the rights that we
 cherish.

Ours is not Ambition's base purpose, that piles
 A desert with slain, for a few of Fame's smiles ;
 We are slaves to no conqueror who mounts to renown,
 And paves with our corpses the path to his crown.
 But our land is besieged, and our rights are in danger,
 We will never be ruled by the rod of the stranger :—
 No ! rather the battle, to conquer or perish,
 For the land that we love, for the rights that we cherish.

And where is the craven who meanly desponds
Of baffling the tyrant, of bursting his bonds,
When his own sword may reach the proud conqueror's
heart,

When his own sword may cut the foul fetters apart?
Then forward! your land and your rights are in danger,
Ye must never be ruled by the rod of a stranger:—
No! rather the battle, to conquer or perish,
For the land that we love, for the rights that we cherish.

And where is the craven will linger to lend
His arm to the clime he was born to defend?
Let him wallow in infamy—souless, and base,
The scorn of the brave and the shame of his race.
But ye will advance, for your rights are in danger,
Ye will never be ruled by the rod of a stranger:—
No! rather the battle, to conquer or perish,
For the land that ye love, for the rights that ye cherish.

THE HEATHER.

WHAT Highland heart will not adore
The heather brightly blooming,
Which Morven's ancient Chieftains bore,
Its crested badge assuming !
Bound proudly in the bonnet blue,
Beside the eagle's feather—
The thought of fame and freedom too,
That emblem links together.
O the heather ! the bonny Highland heather !
Purple pride
Of mountain side,
The Highlands' native heather !

O sacred is the Highlands' pride,
 'Tis Honour's bed of glory ;
How many a true heart there hath died,
 And left his name to story !
Borne down before the battle's flood,
 Like corn before the reaper,
How many a foeman with his blood
 Hath dyed its blossoms deeper !
 O the heather ! &c. &c.

And when the setting sunbeam darts,
 And red the heather blushes,
It tells the warmth of Highland hearts,
 Whence welcome ever gushes ;
For while claymores flash bright around,
 In times of war and danger,
Still, still upon that heath is found
 A refuge for the stranger.
 O the heather ! &c. &c.

And is the sweet remembrance flown,
Of days we passed together,
When the wild grouse became our own,
Upon the springy heather ;
Or when we saw, well skilled to crouch,
And every whisper stifle,
The stag upon his dewy couch
Fall low before our rifle.
O the heather ! &c. &c.

As braves that bloom the storm and wind,
On moor and mountain lying,
So Morven's fearless sons you'll find
In battle all defying ;
And oh ! be sure, should Albion's right
Collect her best together,
Full many a bonnet, first in fight,
Again would bear the heather.

O the heather ! the bonny Highland heather !

Purple pride

Of mountain's side,

The Highlands' native heather !

STANZAS.

How sweet it is, when far away
O'er distant ocean's deep blue wave,
To watch the foaming billows play,
While the swift-sailing bark they lave,
And think of home, and her we love !

How sweet it is, in foreign clime,
When twilight hour subdues the soul,
To bring to mind the blissful time,
When we shall see the far-off goal,
Our native home, and her we love !

Is it not sweeter, when we view,
Rising above the misty tide,
Our own dear country's tender blue,
The land for which so long we've sighed,
To image home, and her we love?

But oh! 't is sweetest, when we find
The loved-one taken to our heart,
Affection's kiss, the greeting kind,
When we have met, no more to part
From land, and home, and her we love.

Yes, surely years of toil and woe
Are all forgot in hour so sweet,
For the best blessing mortals know
Is, after absence long, to meet
In happy home, the one they love.

OH! THE FOAMING OCEAN.

Oh! the wild emotion
We feel upon the ocean,
 When o'er its tide
 We gaily glide,
And all is life and motion.
When morning's ray is beaming,
The pennon lightly streaming,
 And the glance that flies
 From the golden skies
On the snowy sail is gleaming.
Then oh! the foaming ocean,
Unfettered in its motion,
 May Britons e'er
 Its freedom share,
And hail it with devotion.

When fast the bark is flying,
And the sea-bird shrilly crying,
Is it not sweet
The wave to meet,
Its stormy force defying !
For when the waves are glancing,
Their crests in ranks advancing,
Youth's buoyant blood,
With pleasure's flood,
Is just as wildly dancing.
Then oh ! the foaming ocean,
Unfettered in its motion,
May Britons e'er
Its freedom share,
And hail it with devotion.

Upon that sea presiding,
Brave Albion's war-ships gliding,

Are ever found,
On Honour's ground,
All hostile power deriding.
And like those war-ships ever,
May British hearts endeavour
Proudly to sweep
Oppression's deep,
And its darkening billows sever.
Then oh ! the foaming ocean,
Unfettered in its motion ;
May Britons e'er
Its freedom share,
And hail it with devotion.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC.*

WHILE bending o'er the Alpine steep,
Where Solitude and Silence sleep,
We wend along,
What charm the mountain music brings
Through the defile, when lightly rings,
Wafted on Zephyr's wanton wings,
The goatherd's song!

* The peculiar music of the Swiss mountaineers, heightened in effect by the scenery where it is heard, is very striking, and extraordinarily beautiful to the traveller, especially when heard for the first time, and from a good voice. I was rather fortunate in first hearing the "Küh-Reihen," or literally "Cow-song," to great advantage. It was in ascending the Rhigi, a tall and beautiful mountain, that the high and unearthly notes met my ear. When I first listened to them, the singer was out of sight, and I thought that they proceeded from some fine-toned instrument; but

How welcome to the traveller's ear,
Those shrill strange notes, the mountaineer
 So joyous sings !
How exquisitely echo now,
Is answering from the rugged brow
Of yonder Alp, where many a bough
 Its shadow flings.

How sweet at morning march to list,
Ere sunrise melts the airy mist,
 And earth elates,
To sounds like these, from lips unseen,
Breaking from out the vapoury screen,
Like angel-voices from between
 High Heaven's broad gates.

the musician soon appeared, gaily descending the steepy slope ; he was a muleteer, who had the honour and profit of furnishing mules and horses for ladies, to whom the toil of ascending the Rhigi would be too great. My guide told me that he was accounted a very beautiful singer.

I heard that song when wild with joy,
I wandered once, a wondering boy,
 O'er this same road ;
As I am now, I was not then
Uneasy in the haunts of men,
And choosing in the wood and glen
 My lone abode.

And oh ! how beautiful the dream
That music brings up from the stream
 Of early youth ;—
Of youth, fond youth, when every thought
Unpoisoned by the world, unbought,
And feeling, hardened not, were fraught
 With more of truth.

When hope was high with heavenly lure,
And dawning love as soft and pure
 As that clear strain,

And life's light tones were all so sweet,
The mind forgot those tones would fleet
Like dying echo, ne'er to greet
The heart again !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Ah, sing to me !—those azure eyes
Were made to flash with music's power,
Or languish, as it softest sighs
Like whispering winds at evening's hour.
Ah ! sing to me.

Ah, sing to me !—those lips that glow
Like crimson light on Alpine snows ;
From them Affection's song would flow,
As perfume wafted from the rose.
Ah ! sing to me.

Ah, sing to me!—that deep-toned voice

Was surely meant to fondly utter

Those sounds which make the heart rejoice,

And bid it beat with Pleasure's flutter.

Ah ! sing to me.

Ah, sing ! ah, sing !—the Syrens three

Could ne'er have warbled songs like thine,

For had Ulysses heard but thee,

He must have worshipped at thy shrine.

Ah ! sing to me.

STANZAS.

I will not mourn that looks are cold,
And friends untrue,
While thee my faithful arms enfold,
While I may joy as I behold
Thine eyes' bright blue ;
Unnoticed, let them pass me by,
To one fast friend I still can fly.

I will not grieve that airy fame
Eludes my grasp ;

It is but a misleading name—

What is distinction, while I claim

Thy hand to clasp ?

Dearer to me that fair soft hand,

Than a chief's truncheon of command.

I will not sigh that I have found

My hopes laid low :

One aim at least has well been crowned,

One hope fulfilled hath cast around

A spell from woe ;

My dearest, deepest wish was gained,

When thee my daring hopes obtained.

YACHT SONG.

HURRAH! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,
The gallant bark of our British Earl;
Is there the vessel would match with her?
She must fly like the courser that feels the spur.

With a cloud of sail on each bending spar,
And the spray from her sharp bows flying far,
And a snow-white wake left for roods behind,
She glides o'er the wave like the sweeping wind.

When the sea is smooth as the cloudless sky,
And the breezes of summer nearly die,

O'er the waveless water still gently borne,
She moves like a maid on her bridal morn.

When the waves are like hills, and the winds are loud,
And the scud flies fast with the sable cloud,
She meets the swift billow, and roves the main
Like a conquering chief on the battle plain.

She is all that a vessel should ever be,
The pride of the port, and the ark of the sea ;
She is fast in the tempest, and fast in the calm,
In the race of the swift she has won the palm.

O well did they learn her peerless pace,
When they followed her on in the fruitless chase,
As from thralldom, proud of her prize, she bore
The fairest girl of the Grecian shore.

Hurrah ! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,
The gallant bark of our British Earl ;
There is not a vessel of war or peace,
To match with that bark on the coast of Greece.

THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

O where, O where do the Fairies meet ?

They meet in their Forest-hall,

With a pavement of verdure beneath their feet,

And pillars of oak-stems tall ;

Where bough clasps bough, and the foliage weaves

A shadowy dome from its emerald leaves,

And the copse-screen forms each wall ;

Where the glistening planets are peeping through

For lamps, like drops of Morn's diamond dew.

And when, O when do the Fairies meet ?

They meet when the moon is strong,

On the wood's green sward, and the lake's broad sheet,

When the trees cast their shadows long ;

They meet at the noon of the summer's night,
When the glowworms, the stars of the ground, are
 bright,

 And the bird chirps its vesper-song ;
When o'er the morass, with their torches lit,
The merry wild meteors in revel flit.

And why do the Fairies meet ?—They meet
 To dance round their mazy ring,
And list to the nightingale's wood-notes sweet,
 When those minstrels of midnight sing
To the moon ; and to drink from their blossom-bowls,
The nectary dew-drops that feed the souls
 Of the fairest flowers that spring ;
And they meet to torment with malicious mirth,
And to laugh at the doings of foolish Earth.

STANZAS.

Yes! gentle Minstrel, deign to dart
Thy thrilling tones, for they may wake
To softening tears a swollen heart,
So full that it must weep or break.

Yes! sing,—but let the strain be sad,
For tears, and tears alone, I crave;
Strangely 't would sound if it were glad,
Strangely as mirth beside a grave.

Talk not of smiles, for oh ! too long
This hardened heart has learned to pine ;
If any spell will soothe, 't is song ;
If any voice can charm, 't is thine.

The gloom, where joyous Mirth is vain,
May yield to Sorrow's softening sway ;
As those dark storm-clouds melt in rain,
Which suns could ne'er have smiled away.

A REFLECTION.

WHAT joy awaits upon the glance

Of recognition, when by chance

We pass some spot, our home in youth,

In bygone hours of love, and hope,

Ere life began the downward slope,

Or learned too many a mournful truth !

For Memory brings back all we felt—

The bliss when in that spot we dwelt ;

And Fancy forms her airy train,

Her images, until they steal

The Present from us, and we feel

Those pleasures of the Past again.

REFLECTIONS.

THE Main was motionless at dawn,
And level as the forest lawn ;
But as the shades of evening fell,
The moon rose o'er a mountain swell.

There was no wind to stir the leaf,
At day-break, yet the calm was brief,
For ere the twilight ceased to glow,
The hamlet's oldest oak was low.

The sun-rise saw a vessel ride
Reflected by the glassy tide,

Perfect, in pride of strength,—ere dark,

Tempest and wreck had 'whelmed that bark !

Such are the sudden turns that wait

On human life, and human fate ;

Monarch at morn,—at night a slave—

One hour youth's glow, the next a grave.

FREE TRANSLATION OF A SONG
BY KÖRNER.

DARK hangs the cloud, 't will soon burst into flame,
Oh ! where are the souls to sit cowardly tame ?
Fie on thee, wretch ! wilt thou lurk in the hall,
While thy Country and Freedom are summoning all ?
Oh ! thou art base, and dishonoured, thou slave !
A curse to thy country, disowned by the brave ;
The true maiden's kiss, and the warmth of the wine,
And the song's inspiration shall never be thine :
 Drink to him who can wave
 The weapon to save
His home from the tyrant, his rights from a grave !

Oh! while we are watching on fortress and plain,
In the tempest, mid whirlwind, and lightning, and rain,
Canst thou on thy couch of luxurious down,
Dream idly of ease, while we dream of renown?

Oh! thou art base, &c. &c.

While the trumpet's loud voice, like the thunder that
rolls

Through the dark vault of Heaven is inspiring our
souls,

Canst thou in the bursts of war-music delight,
And puffed up by its spell, think thy false feeling
might?

Oh! thou art base, &c. &c.

While our lips are like fire, and the hot skies oppress,
And no water is near us to soothe our distress,

Canst thou pamper thy palate with wine's costly
streams,

At the board heaped by wealth, where magnificence
gleams?

Oh! thou art base, &c. &c.

When the bullets are whistling, while shiver the spears,
When the terror of death on each weapon appears,
And while we are staking our life for our land;
On some light game of chance, wilt thou practice thy
hand?

Oh! thou art base, &c. &c.

When our last hour hath fled, and we yield up our
breath,

Then welcome the Patriot's glorious death! .
Thou, creeping beneath thy rich covering with fear,
And trembling with terror that death is so near,

Art in death, as in life, a mean-spirited slave—

No true-hearted maiden shall weep o'er thy grave ;

And the pledge to the bold, and the praise of the song,

To thy scorn-forgot memory shall never belong :

Drink to him who can wave

The weapon to save

His home from the tyrant, his rights from a grave !

STANZAS.

THE sun may gild the mountain's brow,
The breeze may bend the leafless bough,
And yet the ice-bound lake no more
Is bright and rippling as before;—
Of all its thousand waves of light,
Which then like diamonds met the sight,
But one dull gleaming spot alone
Shews where the sun its ray has thrown.

Thus Pleasure seeks to move in vain,
The mind by Melancholy's pain
Benumbed, and scarce reflected, darts
Mirth's sunshine on those frozen hearts,

That, like the ruined, broken bow,
Their former spring may never know—
That pine and perish in their grief,
Like autumn's wasting, withering leaf.

THE HEATHER-WREATH.

OH ! for a wreath of my native heath
All fresh from the dewy down,
Mid to-night's gay crowd of the high and proud,
I would wear that lowly crown ;
Though the wish is weak, for each Highland peak
Stands far from this stranger-clime,
Though it needs a sprite with its fairy flight
To procure that wreath in time.
Yet oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
And the blue-bells bound together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms, and tangled stems
Of my own wild mountain heather.

Oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
From my mountain's craggy slope,
From the very spot, where, in homely cot,
I passed youth's hours of hope :
I would shew them all in the lordly hall,
That I blush not for those hours,
Nor that mean home, though a lofty dome
Now rears for me its towers.
Then oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
And the blue-bells twined together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms, and tangled stems
Of my own wild mountain-heather.

Oh ! for a sight of the heath to-night,
Then far would my fancy soar,
And Memory's eye would again descry
My home, my native shore ;

I should seem to look on the noisy brook,
As it bounds through the narrow bridge,
I should seem to gaze, as in former days,
On the mountain's purple ridge.
Then oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
And the blue-bells bound together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms, and tangled stems
Of my own wild mountain-heather.

I should see the stag on the lonely crag,
With that red heath crested high,
And the deers' wild herd, and the monarch-bird
Of the mountain-peak's pure sky ;
The grouse, in fright, would take sudden flight
At my footstep on the moor,
And the bleating sheep on the grassy steep
Would be feeding as of yore.

Then oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
And the blue-bells bound together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms, and tangled stems
Of my own wild mountain-heather.

And the sweetest sight that can bring delight
To the bosom would be mine,
For the friends of old I should then behold,
All those for whom I pine ;
I should then rejoice, as each well-known voice
Resounded kind and near,
And face to face, in my warm embrace,
I should hold each kinsman dear.
Then oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
And the blue-bells bound together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms and tangled stems
Of my own wild mountain-heather.

And that flowery wreath I would lay beneath
 My pillowed head at night,
And a vision then of my native glen
 Would enchant my slumbers bright ;
I should dream, and see all the brave and free,
 Of Morven's mountain-land,
They would seem arrayed with claymore and plaid,
 In their graceful garb, at hand.
Then oh ! for a wreath of the humble heath,
 And the blue-bells bound together,
I would give all—all these glittering gems,
For some purple blossoms, and tangled stems
 Of my own wild mountain-heather.

THE ASSIGNATION.

THE Moon, dark Midnight's fairest daughter,
In smiles hangs o'er the heaving water,
And the deep purple dome of night
Hath lit its thousand lamps of light ;
That moon, those stars forbid my stay
For long ;
She whom I love, for whom I pray,
Expects me in the lonely bay.

The blushing bowl is bound with flowers,
Yet with the charm of former hours
It tempts me not ; the mellow tone
Of music on the ear is thrown,

And yet it cannot win my stay

To-night ;

She whom I love, for whom I pray,

Expects me in the lonely bay.

The feast of friends the heart rejoices,

And round me whisper well-known voices,

And loving eyes like winter's star

Are bright with mirth, but dearer far

An eye and voice forbid my stay

To-night ;

She whom I love, for whom I pray,

Expects me in the lonely bay.

ODE.

"PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS:"

HORACE.

It is not when the board of banquet shines,
And groans beneath its weight of gold and wines,
And costly meats, to meaner tastes unknown,
And glittering crystal, where the light is thrown
From lustrous lamps when music mounts on high,
In strains that loudly swell, and faintly die—
It is not where earth's proudest feast around,
And only there, that mirth and happy hearts are found.

It wants not many where the mirth is most,
And thou, my friend, art worth a festive host ;
Here, in the bosom of this quiet room,
With light enough to dissipate the gloom ;

This flask of nectar, generous and old,
And in the mountain brook made freshly cold ;
These viands plain.—Believe me here is all
That comfort craves—what more have they in wealth's
wide hall ?

SONG.

SHE wrote no word—she sent no scroll,
Though moons had past since last they met;
He could not think it in his soul,
That one like her could e'er forget.
Ah, foolish one! for long he shed
The bitter tear, and mourned her dead!

He little dreamed that absence parts
Those fragile links, by which love binds
The vain desires of fickle hearts,
The wandering aims of empty minds—
And he was in a foreign land,
And other suitors sought her hand.

Released at length from Duty's throne,
Again he trod his native clime,
And found the maid once called his own,
Another's bride—and from that time,
Woman hath only been a term
For fickleness, and faith *un*firm.

STANZAS.

Oh ! the heavenly blessing,
When grief and pain oppressing,
Distract the mind,
One girl to find,
Still constant, still caressing ;
Who, when misfortunes grieve us,
And all but Honour leave us,
With open arms,
In all her charms,
Still scorns not to receive us.
Then oh ! the heavenly blessing !
When grief and pain oppressing,
Distract the mind,
One girl to find,
Still constant, still caressing.

It is when woe is nearest,
That woman's truth is dearest ;
 Oh ! then love's light,
 Through sorrow's night,
Shines tenderest and clearest ;
Like the mild moon, that seemeth,
So pale, when sunshine beameth,
 Yet when bright day
 Hath past away,
With guiding influence gleameth.
Then oh ! the heavenly blessing,
When grief and pain oppressing,
 Distract the mind,
 One girl to find,
Still constant, still caressing.

THE FOREST-KING.

A BALLAD.

OH! far may ye roam for a fairer home,
Than the hunters' greenwood hall,
Where grass forms the floor, and the boughs arch o'er
So thickly, no rain can fall ;
Where high from their root the straight stems shoot,
Like pillars in even row,
While the breezes rove through the vaulted grove,
So sweet in the noontide glow.

Then leave the tower for the leafy bower,
And leave the tower for me,
And thou shalt be Queen, in our forest green,
To the King of the bold and free.

Yes ! I am the lord of the good greensward,
The King of the glade and glen ;
My horn's hoarse sound would summon around,
Full twice two hundred men.
Green as the leaves is their garb, and sheaves
Of arrows and bows they bear,
My name in the wood is bold Robin Hood,
Nay ! shrink not, my lady fair.
But leave the tower for the leafy bower,
And leave the tower for me,
And thou shalt be Queen in our forest green,
To the King of the bold and free.

What though 't is told that we take the gold

From those who can bear to lose it,

And break the laws—'t is only because

They know not how to use it.

Nay, no laws we break, for with what we take

From miserly selfish Wealth,

We clothe and feed those sick, and in need—

Thou canst scarcely call it stealth.

Then leave thy tower for the leafy bower,

No outlaws base are we,

And thou shalt be Queen in our forest green,

To the King of the bold and free.

The grinding lord of a vassal horde,

Robs more than we, 't is clear,

The conquering chief must deal death and grief,

While we only kill the deer.

I would sooner stand with my archer band,
And with Sherwood's forest mine,
Than ride at the head of an army led
On a crusade in Palestine.
Then leave thy tower for the leafy bower,
And leave thy tower for me,
And thou shalt be Queen in our forest green,
To the King of the bold and free.

Yet in days of yore, in my youth, I wore
The spur on the iron heel,
And though outlawed now, on my then proud brow
The helmet of heavy steel.
Ay! and my line is as proud as thine,
And my suit thou need'st not shun,
I am no mean churl, but a belted earl,
The Earl of fair Huntingdon.

Then leave thy tower for the leafy bower,
And leave thy tower for me,
And thou shalt be Queen in our forest green,
To the King of the bold and free.

O, come! thou shalt ride through my forest wide,
On the palfrey trained to amble,
And a greyhound sleek as thine own fair cheek,
By the palfrey's side shall gambol.
Thou shalt see us kill, with a forester's skill,
At the distance of many a rood,
The good red deer, which, with venison cheer,
Provides us princely food.
Then leave thy tower for the leafy bower,
And leave thy tower for me,
And thou shalt be Queen in our forest green,
To the King of the bold and free.

The maiden heard, like a trembling bird
 When the fowler's voice is near,
The outlaw speak, as with flushing cheek
 He strove to calm her fear.
And he soon o'ercame her fear and shame,
 And she gave him her snowy hand,
The hand for which, with her dowry rich,
 Sighed full many in the land.
And she left her tower for the leafy bower,
 Where the birds so gaily sing,
And she is a Queen in the forest green,
 At the side of the Forest King.

STANZAS.

O! where should the minstrel choose his home ?

By the blue lake's lonely side,

Where the sun throws his arch on the scattered foam

That flies from the torrent's tide.

Where the tall mountains tower to meet the cloud,

And the voice of the avalanche is loud,

And the mists through the valleys glide,

Like phantoms that walk at the wizard's call,

Where sight, sound, and breathing are poetry all.

And where should the minstrel's dust be laid ?—

In the glen's deep dreary gloom,

Where boughs form a vault of funereal shade,

And weep o'er his narrow tomb ;

Where Nature, his mistress, may send the wind,
To sigh o'er the birchen-trees' silvery rind,
And mourn her adorer's doom ;
Let him lie near the scenes he praised in story,
Far longer than marble they'll shrine his glory.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

WHEN the summer star shines brightly
In its pure and airy home,
And the fairies skipping lightly,
O'er the moonlit meadows roam ;
When the silver currents glisten,
Where the water-lilies float,
And the sleepless ear may listen
To the nightingale's sweet note ;
We 'll wander o'er the waters,
Thou chief of Beauty's daughters !
And hear across them stealing,
The fairy-bells' soft pealing.

When o'er the honeyed clover
The bee no longer roves ;
When the rustic's toil is over,
And when Silence rules the groves ;
When the care, and sin, and sorrow,
Of the weary world seem o'er,
And lie sleeping till the morrow,
Love lands on Night's dark shore ;
And the feelings we must smother
By day upon each other,
We 'll lavish then, employing
Each moment in enjoying.

THE ISLE OF MIRTH.

STRANGER, away ! thy gloomy brow
Hangs drooping like the broken bough,
And there, as from the lettered leaf,
The eye may read a tale of grief—
Away ! for none but those who smile,
Must harbour in our happy isle.

Methinks, poor child of care and earth !
Thou know'st not 't is the Isle of Mirth,
Where Love, and Laughter, and Delight,
Hold revels gay from morn till night ;
Thou canst not love, thou canst not smile,
Thou may'st not dwell within our isle.

We cannot bid the sorrow cease
That robs thy spirit of its peace ;

Ah! could we teach that eye of thine,
With all its former fire to shine,
That haggard cheek again to smile,
We'd gladly take thee to our isle.

Then stranger! fare thee well!—our gladness
Would ill accord with tears and sadness;
For grief, when Pleasure's bright eyes glitter,
From the close contrast seems more bitter,
And thy bent brow would mar the smile
Of those who walk our happy isle.

Farewell! and take sage counsel, seek
For one soft heart, and one sad cheek,
Sad as thine own, be sure that grief
In sympathy finds best relief;
And when thy lip hath learnt to smile,
O! come and welcome to our isle.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE FAIRIES.

Away! to your ambush my Fairies all,
For near us the feet of a stranger fall :
Away! to the fern, and the wildflowers' screen,
For our rites and our revels must not be seen.
And dost thou not tremble, rash child of Earth!
To be found in the land of the Fairy-Queen?
There is danger in spoiling our midnight-mirth,
There is danger, by dark, in the forest green.
So avaunt! avaunt!
From our moonlight haunt,
From our realms, and our presence without delay,
For the eyes of Man
Must not rudely scan
The mysterious rites of the Elves—away!

'T is therefore, that hid in the flowers, we wait,
And sleep in their bells, till the eve grows late,
Till the sun hath long couched 'neath the western hill,
And the axe of the woodman is mute and still.
But when midnight hath hung o'er the mountain steep
The moon like a lamp of soft silv'ry light,
The Elves are awake, for then mortals sleep,
And we deem ourselves safe from your hateful sight.
So avaunt ! avaunt !
From our moonlight haunt,
From our realms, and our presence without delay,
For the eyes of Man
Must not rudely scan
The mysterious rites of the Elves—away !

Yet soft ! thou may'st linger ; I see that long
Thou hast toiled, no mean master of Lyre and Song :

Thou art one amongst mortals the most ill-starred,
An aspiring, high-souled, neglected bard.

But we will shew favour to thee, and thou

Shalt witness the Fairies' fantastic revel,

Thou shalt see our wild dances beneath the bough,

Where the grass of the forest is soft, and level.

And thou shalt win fame,

For thy art shall frame

Immortal verse from thy moment's sight

Of the Elves' mad mirth,

And the sons of Earth

In thy name and thy fancies shall long delight.

THE TWO KINGS.

Long life to the Monarch ! who, loving his land,
O'erlooks, and defends her with mind and with hand,
Who ne'er makes his own selfish pleasure precede
The good of his kingdom in thought or in deed.
Long life to that Monarch ! his throne will e'er be
In the hearts of a people brave, happy, and free ;
And safe is such throne, for it ne'er wants the aid
Of the worthiest soul, and the trustiest blade.

But dishonour, and death to the vile tyrant-lord
Who rules not of God, but who rules by the sword,
Who, usurping the crown, by a conqueror's right
Sweeps darkly the land like some death-bearing blight,

'Neath whose influence the laws that are holiest fall—
Destruction, and shame seize such King! and may all
He receives from the clime that afforded not birth,
Be the curse of the People, and "six feet of earth."

BOAT SONG.

'T is Twilight's witching hour,
The sun hath left the tower
That rises o'er
The river-shore,
The dews are on the flower.
The dying winds scarce wrinkle
The quivering waves that twinkle
Like flashing gold,
And in the fold
The sheep-bells faintly tinkle.

And now with oars fast dipping,
Their long blades brightly dripping,
 With jest and song,
 We 'll glide along,
The feeble winds outstripping.
Nor dream about returning,
Till stars have long been burning.
 And moonlight's ray
 Is on the spray
Our gallant skiff is spurning.

O! ne'er did hour of pleasure
Afford so full a measure
 Of mirth and bliss,
 As this, as this,
Our hour of evening leisure.

With friends, all friends, surrounding,

And woman's soft voice sounding,

While proud we mark

Our buoyant bark

Past every other bounding.

LOWLY LOVE.

THE love that is lowly,
If free from deceit,
Is not the less holy,
Is not the less sweet.

For the cottage is better
With truth and content,
Than the throne where Love's fetter
Hath rudely been rent.

With many, surrounded
By riches and birth,
Alas ! love is founded
On splendour, not worth.

And oh ! what avails thee
The love that is high,
When like sunshine it fails thee,
If tempest be nigh.

No ! the sailor ne'er prizes
The comet though bright,
Like the small star that rises
To guide through the night.

Then love that is lowly,
If free from deceit,
Is not the less holy,
Is not the less sweet.

TO THE KENTISH BOWMEN

AT THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

ARCHERS of Kent ! are your bows all bent ?

Yon army is your mark ;

In numbers strong as the starry throng,

When Winter's sky is dark.

But heed them not, before your shot

Their mass must melt away,

As the stars must fade when Night's dim shade

Departs at dawn of day.

Then bend the bow, and lay them low,

My gallant Kentish Yeomen !

And prove your birth from English earth,

On yonder knightly foemen.

More than mere fame in the village game,
Now asks your hottest zeal,
The hope of the field that the foe may yield,
Is upon your feathered steel ;
For fame e'er went that the Men of Kent
Are the flower of England's force—
That they doom a life in the battle strife,
Upon every arrow's course.
Then bend the bow, and lay them low,
My gallant Kentish Yeomen !
And prove your birth from English earth,
On yonder knightly foemen.

For England's fame, and France's shame,
Let none be loth to bleed !
The grateful praise of future days
Awaits each daring deed ;—

From sire to son, shall acts you've done

 This day, long hence be told,

And History's line and page enshrine

 The memories of the bold.

Then bend the bow, and lay them low,

 My gallant Kentish Yeomen !

And prove your birth from English earth

 On yonder knightly foemen.

Yon knights despise the worth that lies

 In an archer's meaner clay,

They boast in blood of purer flood—

 Purer?—ay ! so they say ;

But let them learn from your courage stern,

 And your arrows' deadly speed,

That manly might in the field of fight,

 Is the only mark of breed.

Then bend the bow, and lay them low,
My gallant Kentish Yeomen !
And prove your birth from English earth,
On yonder haughty foemen.

Heed not their scorn ye British born !
It is but idle breath,
The lip that curls, and calls you churls,
May too soon curl in death.
For each proud vaunt, and bitter taunt,
Strike down a noble crest ;
The shaft's keen point on the armour's joint,
Will well repay the jest.
Then bend the bow, and lay them low,
My gallant Kentish Yeomen !
And prove your birth from English earth,
On yonder knightly foemen.

Ay ! let them boast, yon haughty host,

In every 'vantage high,

Their lances long, their corslets strong,

Their steeds that nearly fly.

But all shall fail, their Milan mail

Holds no protecting charm

'Gainst the arrow's length, and manly strength

Of an English archer's arm.

Then bend the bow, and lay them low,

My gallant Kentish Yeomen !

And prove your birth from English earth,

On yonder knightly foemen.

Their armour bright shall long ere night

Be dimmed by blood and stain,

Their crest-plumes tall shall droop and fall,

Their steeds shall strew the plain ;

Low in the dust the broken trust
Of knighthood shall be lying,
Heaped on the grass, a mingled mass
Of wounded, dead, and dying.
Then bend the bow, and lay them low,
My gallant Kentish Yeomen !
And prove your birth from English earth,
On yonder knightly foemen.

See ! they advance with eager lance,
They come !—now loose the string,
And those who laughed at a cloth-yard shaft,
Why let them feel its sting :
Darkening the sky let your arrows fly,
Humble their little pride,
Sweep them away as the ocean spray
By the gale is scattered wide.

Ay, bend the bow, and lay them low,

My gallant Kentish Yeomen!

And prove your birth from English earth,

On yonder knightly foemen.

SERENADE.

When the bell of midnight tolls,
And the lessening echo rolls
On the air with murmur deep,
Wakening noiseless Night from sleep—
When the twittering birds are mute,
And the starry meteors shoot
With a momentary ray—
When the winds have died away,
And there waves no blade of grass,
Nor the poplar's leafy mass,
And the mist itself is still
Hanging lifeless o'er the hill—

When the moon is on the lake,
And none but lovers are awake,
And the sigh, or whispered word
Is the loudest sound that 's heard ;
Then the fair and brave should meet,
And Youth sigh low at Beauty's feet.

Where a ring of mountains high
Bounds the wave, and hides the sky,
And the moonlight pale hath made
Breadths distinct of light and shade
On the flood, whose silvery sheet
Clings around the island's feet—
Where the marble colonnade,
And the sculptured balustrade,
And the statues, pure and white,
Gleam whiter in the pearly light—

Where the orange bowers bequeath
Odours for the air to breathe,
And the lattice high looks o'er
A land of flowers, a garden-shore,
Making the light palazzo's pile
Seem portion of a fairy-isle,
There, O there ! should lovers meet,
And Youth sigh low at Beauty's feet.

LOVE'S SIGNAL-BELL.

IN the light skiff, at evening's hour,
When moved by many a flashing oar,
It swiftly glides past town and tower,
And cliffs that crown the foam-fringed shore,
How sweet ! to hear the curfew chime
Remind us of the olden time ;
How sweet ! to hear the hollow bell
Blending in sound with Ocean's swell.

See ! how the crew, with eyes that glisten
With feeling at the solemn sound,
Lean on the idle oar, and listen,
While peals that bell with note profound :
Hark ! how through air it floats along,
Now faint, and far—now near, and strong,

From cliff to cliff the echoes fly,
And now, at length in distance die.

But who can know the rapturous feeling
Of one, among that listening crew,
Who hears the twilight curfew stealing
Across the Ocean's darkening blue?
Oh! 'tis to *him* Love's Signal-Bell,
To heart, and ear its accents tell,
That soon—ere many moments roll,
He 'll meet the mistress of his soul.

THE VOICE.

I heard a voice,—the midnight's deepest gloom,
Like a dark mantle o'er the earth was flung,
The eye was useless, yet I knew by whom
Those words of woman's witchery were sung ;
It came upon my rapt, enchanted ear,
Like harmony from heaven or holy sphere ;
No voice e'er touched my heart like that, and earth,
With all her music-mouths, and souls of song,
Could not have matched its tones of love and mirth,
As o'er Italia's bay it stole along.

That voice indeed was wond'rous strange in tone,
But had it been less strange, nay had it been
The commonest in sound, I must have known
Its slightest utterance, though from lips unseen.

It was the voice of her I loved, and wooed,
The only one to whom I ever sued;
And he, methinks, can be but half a lover,
And hardly worthy of the holy name,
Who cannot, mid a thousand tongues, discover
The words of her who feeds his spirit's flame.

That voice, alas ! that voice hath passed away,
Gone, like the lovely lips that gave it breath,
Gone like the glory of Life's little day—
So must the mighty meet Decay and Death !
But grateful memory will not yet depart,
Her echo of that voice still haunts my heart,
And like some striking, soul-inspiring strain,
Some song that we remember every word,
Comes o'er my spirit, o'er and o'er again—
Would 't were the living voice that once I heard !

A WISH.

THE Limpet to the dark damp rock
Clings closely, though the waves wash o'er it,
At times too when the billow's shock
Drives the stout bark a wreck before it ;
The heavier beats the surfy swell,
The closer clings the tiny shell.
Sweet ! thus to see the weak withstand,
And foil the strong and haughty hand.

The Ivy and the Creeper lock
Their tendril-arms around the Elm,
While the huge branches toss and rock
Like plumes upon a champion's helm.
And should the aged trunk at last,
Fall low before the northern blast,

Uprooted by the wintry weather,
The Elm and Ivy fall together.

So would I have the one I take
To cherish on through weal or woe,
Ne'er leave me loveless, nor forsake
My fortunes, though the tide be low.
Though grief and wrongs should turn to stone
The heart that melts to her alone,
And Woman may, I know it well,
Be like that Ivy or that Shell.

THE ANCIENT MARINER TO THE
POLE-STAR.

SHINE forth ! shine forth ! bright star of the North,
From behind yon jealous cloud,
Come glad my sight with thy needful light,
For the winds are fiercely loud ;
And the waves are white, through the tempest's might,
With a thousand crests of foam,
While without thy ray, O ! my bark may stray
Soon far from its course and home.

Then appear, appear, appear,

Fair Star of the Pole !

And gladden my soul—

My Pilot-star, appear !

Hurrah ! the mist, and the clouds resist
My starry beacon in vain,
Its welcome gleam is beginning to beam
O'er the hills of the heaving main.
Now ! with thee for guide o'er the desert tide,
I dread not the tempest's force ;
The gale may shift, or the current drift,
But I still shall know my course.
Then shine, shine on, shine on,
Fair Star of the Pole !
Still gladden my soul—
My Pilot-star, shine on !

My Mistress-star ! thou art meaner far
Than many a sister-sphere,
Yet I love not one like thee, for by none
Could I safely trust to steer.

They move o'er the skies, as they set and rise,

Like the wayward foot of youth ;

While all night through, thy lustre we view*

In the same fixed point, like Truth.

Then shine, shine on, shine on,

Fair Star of the Pole !

Still gladden my soul—

My Pilot-star, shine on !

And O ! as I gaze at the clear soft blaze

Of the orb I prize so dearly,

I love to dream that the placid beam

Is not world nor planet merely ;

But a halo bright, and a shrine of light,

Round some pure benignant being

Note.—The pole-star being immediately opposite to the poles of the earth does not appear to alter its position as the globe revolves on its axis.

Of Angel-birth, who on lowly earth

Keeps guard with eye all-seeing.

Then shine, shine on, shine on,

Fair Star of the Pole !

Still gladden my soul—

My Pilot-star, shine on !

O ! with yearning strong, I do often long

To leave this dull dark world,

Hastening away to thy radiant ray,

Like the dart by a strong arm hurled.

And I soothe life's grief with the fond belief,

That when frame and spirit sever,

My soul will fly to the starry sky,

Gaining peace and joy for ever.

Then shine, shine on, shine on,

Bright Star of the Pole !

Still gladden my soul—

My Pilot-star, shine on !

STANZAS.

O ! take not the gems of Golconda's mine,
Nor the pearly treasures of Eastern sea,
To circle thy forehead ; though brightly they shine,
Yet they never can add a grace to thee.

One glance of that eye,
In its brilliancy,
Is worth all the gems of the world to me.

Leave them all to the children of Pomp and Pride,
The possessors of power, and lands, and gold ;
They tell how oft Beauty for Wealth has sighed,
And profaned the shrine, and the spirit sold.

Then O ! twine not thou,
Around that pure brow,
Gems that the memories of meanness enfold.

And does there not lurk in their dangerous gleam
The dread fascination of fabled snake?
How many a maiden, allured by their beam,
Has given up happiness, love for their sake!
Then O! turn away
From the baneful ray,
Lest thou on their sparkle thy bliss should'st stake.

But search through the glades, o'er the sunniest slopes,
For the violet, the type of thine own sweet love,
And the primroses emblems of early hopes,
That cluster as thick as the stars above,
And twine them instead
Round thy graceful head,
Ere they die, and their beauty forsake the grove.

OH! MIDNIGHT IS THE HOUR FOR WEeping.

Oh! midnight is the hour for weeping,
When no bright moon is on the hill,
And not a star through heaven is peeping,
When all is dark, and all is still;
Mute Midnight leads the soul to think,
Through subtle Thought's connecting link,
On those long laid within the tomb,
In night-like silence, night-like gloom.

Oh! midnight is the hour for weeping,
The very time to vent our woe,
When, save the sad one, all are sleeping,
And none may see the grief-drops flow;

There 's many a heart by far too proud
To shew its sorrow to the crowd,
And raise their pity or their sneer,
That weeps by night when none are near.

Oh ! midnight is the hour for weeping,
By day, with friends and comrades nigh,
Though to the lid the tear is leaping,
We must restrain the very sigh.
Yes ! then 't is Sorrow's bitter task,
For others' sake to wear the mask—
We may not mar by marks of grief,
The joys of those whose joys are brief.

Yes ! midnight is the hour for weeping,
And oh ! 't is sweet, apart from all,
When restless pain forbids our sleeping,
And scenes rise up at Memory's call ;

Sweet ! when those thoughts of former years,
Of friends long dead, demand our tears,
To loose the flood-gates of the soul,
And bid the bitter torrents roll.

WHISPERS FROM A GONDOLA.

Bewitching Beauty ! oh ! to thee belongs

An influence equalling the magian's art ;

Ah ! who can listen to thy syren-songs,

Nor feel the magic at his heaving heart ?

Or who can meet those pure, yet passionate eyes,

And deem thee, though of high, of mortal birth ?

Thou seem'st some wandering spirit of the skies,

Who, envying human love, hast sought the earth,

And clothed thy soul with clay's most lovely form,

And added to thine own, Life's feelings, brief, but warm.

Bewitching Beauty ! leaning by thy side,
And happy in the sunlight of thy smile,
I cannot dream thou art my destined bride,
Thy presence and the hour do so beguile ;
While Fancy waves her wand, and lo ! the world
Takes other shape, her former one forgot ;
These polished waters, by no zephyr curled,
Seem like a fairy lake—and art thou not
The loveliest Syren of the silver wave
Just risen from the deep, and am I not thy slave ?

And Venice yonder, with her hundred isles,
In vestal raiment mantled by the moon,
With all her thousand palaces and piles,
Their marble bright as though 't were freshly hewn ;
And land and ocean dotted so with lights,
As if a stream of stars from heaven's dark dome

Had dropped, like those that shoot on summer nights,
And those that did not die had made their home
On yonder sea and city ;—Venice seems
Enchantment's bright and wild creation or a dream's.

Bianca ! fair one ! let us not part yet,
It is too soon ; but let the oars keep time,
And thou shalt sing, and I will still forget
The earth, and all to come of care or crime.
I'll think, fond dreamer ! that life's hours to be,
Will all be beautiful, and bright like this—
And yet, Bianca, may they not, with thee,
With thy affection to insure my bliss ?
I'll think,—but sing, Bianca, sweetly sing,
Then every thought but thee from this rapt heart I'll
fling.

THE MINSTREL'S DEVOIR.

WHEN angel Peace hath settled on the land,
And Plenty pours her gifts with generous hand,
The bard's vocation is a gentle art,
It is by tender lay to touch the heart—
To frame in beauty's bower, for beauty's ear,
The tale of love that maiden loves to hear.
Or in a manlier mood, and loftier strains,
To praise with patriot fire, his own dear native plains.

But should Oppression fright fair Peace away,
And Havoc grim prepare to seize his prey ;
Should War's deep voice disturb the lover's dream,
The minstrel turns him to a sterner theme ;

Then his the noble trial to excite
A nation's nerves to energy and might,
And by the torrent of persuasive song,
To sweep all on to mourn, or right their country's
wrong.

And when the bolt of War hath fully burst,
And Carnage slakes with blood her savage thirst ;
When man is given to sword, and town to flame,
The bard, whose soul is worthy of his fame,
Casts down the lyre, and grasps the battle brand,
Flies—and takes post amid the patriot band—
Ay ! mid the foremost ready in the strife,
To prove by death the love he bore his land in life.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD.

ARRAYED in costliest attire,
That flashed with gems like lambent fire,
And bearing ornaments and gold
For dower, with many a vassal bold,
The Lowland Lord came o'er the water,
To woo and win the Chieftain's Daughter.

He was a youth of manly mien,
Of manners princely and serene,
And he had learned the language soft,
That gains fair lady's heart full oft ;
But still in vain he crossed the water,
He could not win the Chieftain's Daughter.

Hath not the heather gallants good
As e'er in court or palace stood ?
The maiden thought, oh ! there 's a man,
The bravest of our own brave clan,
Far dearer to the Chieftain's Daughter,
Than earl or prince from o'er the water.

What though young Malcolm Grant be poor,
In fame he 's rich, in faith he 's sure ?
Barren may be his hill-domains,
But are they not my native plains ?
And oh ! for wealth, the Chieftain's Daughter
Will never leave her loch's blue water.

But though the maid was nobly cold
To all the power of rank and gold,
Not so the sire,—in vain she said,
Her choice in love had long been made ;

He deeply swore his kneeling daughter
Should wed the Earl from o'er the water.

The sire was stern, the maid as proud,
Too far in love to yield, she vowed,
And kept her vow too, that by none
Save Malcolm should her heart be won ;
So, in the night, the Chieftain's Daughter
With Malcolm Grant fled o'er the water.

Ah ! then, ah ! then the sire lamented
His former harshness, and relented ;
Their match was equal, why be stern ?
He bade the fugitives return ;
And Malcolm, and the Chieftain's Daughter,
Again dwelt near their loch's blue water.

FRIENDSHIP.

To life's poor pilgrim o'er the barren earth,
How fair a flower is Friendship ! how we prize
The mere companions of our hours of mirth,
E'en while we know they fail when Fortune flies.

And how we justly glory in the tried,
The true, who, like the ever verdant leaf
That changes not to winter, seek our side,
And aid us in our hour of need and grief.

Oh ! friendship such as theirs most glads the mind
When dark Misfortune hovers over-head ;
So, when the clouds are stormiest behind,
The rainbow's brightest, fairest hues are shed.

SERENADE.

WHEN the pennons lightly quiver,
And the white sails gleam and shiver
 With Eve's soft gale,
 How sweet to sail
Down Italia's moonlit river !
With one, the loved one, by us,
And not a mortal nigh us,
 To breathe around
 Unwelcome sound,
Or with glances rude to eye us.

And from the west are wending
The winds—their breath is bending
The poplars tall,
Whose shadows fall
On the Brenta's floods descending.
That breeze is softly steady,
And the fairy-bark is ready,
The moonbeams throw
A silvery glow
On the ripple and the eddy.

Thy lover from his palace
Hath flown, and left the chalice,
For what is wine,
To the rays that shine
In the eyes of Lady Alice !

The galley's white sails shiver
Where the wandering waters quiver,
Beside thy home ;
Then come and roam
Down Italia's moonlit river.

A REFLECTION.

THE barks of battle, those that meet,
And leave their Country's port together,
So long as Fortune aids the fleet,
And calm and sunshine rule the weather,
Bound bravely on from coast to coast,
In noble squadron, like a host
Of wandering wild-fowl on the deep,
Or chamois on some Alpine steep.

But when the storm-washed seamen hark
To roaring waves, and rolling thunder,
When Ocean yawns to drown the bark,
That gallant fleet is torn asunder.

Some sink, the rest with tackle riven,
Before the giant gale are driven,
As powerless as the feeble feather,
Till not two barks keep course together.

So, like those ships, we formed a band
Of comrades in life's morning-hour,
But Time and Fate, and Death's strong hand
Dispersed us with the tempest's power.
Some died in Youth's too early time,
And some are in a foreign clime ;
While some were false ; so I am left
Alone, and utterly bereft !

THE GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT WARRIOR.

He lies beneath the mountain heath,
It is a rude and simple grave,
A narrow mound of loosened ground,
And near it weeds and wild-flowers wave.
And by that tomb with tuft of bloom,
The tall, tall thistle nods, and towers,
While maidens bring, and fondly fling
Upon the dark sod daily flowers.

No priest hath blessed his place of rest,
He died amid the battle's din,
And comrades dear alone were near
The earth they laid the Hero in.

No shroud and pall his limbs enthal,
He lies as soldier should, arrayed
In feathered crest, and warrior vest,
And in his hand his blood-stained blade.

Yet earth ne'er gave a better grave
Than that where he is meanly laid,
A holier spot is worshipped not
By pilgrim or by mourning maid.
Where can be found a fitter ground
For Valour's sleep, than Victory's field?
The field that saw the foe withdraw,
And boldly fall or basely yield.

He wants no tomb 'neath minster-dome,
For that let proud Ambition strive,
His glorious deeds are all he needs
To keep his memory long alive.

A Patriot tried he lived and died,
Lived for the land he loved so well,
And at her claim, as it became,
A Patriot's part, he fought and fell.

Then traveller stop! with reverence drop
A tear to dust of such bright worth,
And mourn that one, so brave a son
Of Freedom, should have left the earth.
Oh! if thou art of free-born heart,
Thou 'lt pray that when thy star grows dim,
And Death is nigh, thou may'st not die
Less nobly than they tell of him.

CALAIS CHIMES.

I well remember ! 't was in foreign clime,
And silent Sleep refused her soothing spell,
How sweetly came the Minster's tuneful chime,
Breaking the stillness by its midnight bell !

Yes ! sweetly o'er the sense that music stole,
Sweetly as dream by glimpse of Heaven blessed,
Calming the flutter of the feverish soul,
Fitting the frame for soft repose, and rest.

And often thus will Memory's music cheer
The midnight of the melancholy mind,
When the heart, far from all it holds most dear,
Sighs for the friends it loved, and left behind.

THE LOVER-CONFESSOR.

He hath donned the Confessor's gloomy gown,
From his graceful shoulders the folds hang down,
They hide his sword, and his glittering vest,
They hide the jewels upon his breast,
And who would know 't is Don Carlos now
With the monk's grey cowl o'er his noble brow ?

He hath friends in the priests of St. Jago's shrine,
For they love his revels, and ruby wine ;
So the maid he hath striven so long to win,
To the mock-Confessor will say her sin,
Her bashful lips may impart to his ear
Even more than was meant for a monk to hear.

And the loveliest Lady of Seville's town,
Who deals forth death with her slightest frown,
Whose smile is honour, and life to all,
Now sits in the lone Confessional ;
And her lover learns what she would not own
To her secret self—and what none have known.

Ha ! ha ! there is none like a gallant bold
To bring to confession the maiden cold ;
And the Donna Inez, the over-coy,
When she proves the pure, and the perfect joy
Of a worshipped bride, will forgive and bless
The art that hath made her at length confess.

STANZAS.

THE midnight-lamp is burning,
And I am sadly turning
The volume's leaf,
To lessen grief,
And banish Love by learning ;
But vain are word and letter,
I find their aid no better
Than all beside,
By which I've tried
To break Love's lasting fetter.

The paths of Pride and Pleasure,
Pursuit of Fame and Treasure,
To loose the thrall,
I've tried them all,
And to the fullest measure.

But though her fault has blighted
My fame—though she requited
My love by ill,
I feel still, still,
That once we were united.

Yes! base but dear deceiver,
Source of my spirit's fever,
Whose vows unsound
In me once found
Too trusting a believer,
Parted for e'er, and faithless,
Before this frame be breathless,
There 's no relief
Can end my grief,
Thy memory must be deathless.

THE WEALTHY MERCHANT TO HIS NATIVE RIVER.

THE river! the river! the mighty river!
Its broad deep stream is a gladness giver,
And lovely it is, as it bounds between,
Like a winding army, its banks of green,
Where the reeds rise high, and the sunbeams shine
On the troops of thriving and glossy kine;
While glitter the sails of the passing bark,
Now in sunshine bright—now in shadow dark.—
Then the river! the river! our lovely river!
We'll sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

I have seen, for I wandered in youth's sweet time,
The fairest rivers of foreign clime,
The streams that the poet and painter love,
As pure and blue as the Heavens above;

But fairer thou seem'st, for I love thee more,
My native city is on thy shore ;
It is thou that makest the land of my birth
The richest and mightiest, the first of earth.—
Then the river ! the river ! our lovely river !
We 'll sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

O ! dear to most souls is thy silvery flood,
But by me thou art prized like my own life's blood
For so many bounties I owe thee thanks—
My lofty mansion o'erlooks thy banks,
My coursers drink of thy restless wave ;
And the marshy mead that thy billows lave,
Where my cattle wander, as greenly shelves
As a slope where gambol the midnight elves.—
Then the river ! the river ! our lovely river !
We 'll sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

And my vessels, borne by thy flowing tide
To the city, safely and swiftly glide ;
There soon, in my houses of store, they land
The heavy freight of a foreign strand,
The rarest of bales that are bought and sold,
Which cunning Commerce soon turns to gold,
An Alchymist sager than those of yore
Who vainly strove to transmute their ore—
Then the river ! the river ! our lovely river !
We 'll sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

Then oft, when the reeds on thy current's edge
To the gale bend low, and when sighs the sedge—
When in surfy billows thy waters curl,
To the gusty breezes our hands unfurl
The yacht's white canvass so broad and high,
And away o'er the foam like a bird we fly ;

Then joy for a moment inspires our mind,
As we leave like the city, our cares behind—
Then the river ! the river ! our lovely river !
We 'll sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

Ay ! hail to thee ! channel of joy and health !
Hail fountain of power, and source of wealth !
We fling on thy bosom this votive wreath,
To crown the monarch who dwells beneath
Thy coursing current, and rules the stream :
And this goblet shining with silver's gleam,
The prize of the bark-race in youthful days,
To thy health and thy honour we fill and raise,
And the river ! the river ! our lovely river !
We sound thy praise till the roof-beams quiver.

STANZAS.

I left a home, as fair a home
As e'er forbade the wish to roam ;
Where is it now ? alas ! I find
A ruin open to the wind.

Kinsmen and friends were round the hearth,
When last I trod my land of birth ;
Where are they now ?—the greedy grave
Hath swallowed up the good, the brave.

Ah ! woe is me, to lose them all,
Kinsmen, friends, wealth, ancestral hall,
Methinks were grief enough, but ill
Hurled on me heavier sorrow still.

Alas ! I left the fairest maid
For whom knight ever wielded blade,
Betrothed to me by will and vow ;
I find her not—where is she now ?

I find her not, I find instead,
What custom sometimes yields the dead,
A grassy mound, a graven stone,
Where heavy hearts may mourn and moan.

I find a grave where I may weep
My lonely lot, her early sleep,
And strive to wash away by tears,
Sad Memory's sketch of former years.

And I am changed, ah ! full as much
As thou, my home ! by Sorrow's touch ;
Once my heart harboured hope, but now,
Despair is on my gloomy brow.

THE OCEAN-CAVE.

Come, maiden, come to the ocean-cave,
Where the beach is white with the breaking wave,
As borne from afar, at length it lands
In scattered foam on the silver sands.
Come o'er the wave to the ocean-cave,
Where the moon is bright on the murmuring main,
And the billows leap from the darkened deep,
To weave with their waters the moon's bright chain.

Haste, maiden, haste to the ocean-cave,
It will soon be filled with the rising wave,
And the glorious moon too soon will hide
Her pearly orb 'neath the heaving tide :

Time will not wait, 't will be soon too late ;
The chance for enjoying as quickly flies,
As the very joys which an hour destroys,
That wane like yon queen of the sunless skies.

Leave, love, the heated and dazzling room,
For the cavern's coolness, and tender gloom ;
Sweet are the stars, and the midnight air,
To the brow that burns with the revel's glare !
Who would so err, as e'er to prefer
The fading lustre, however bright,
Of the lamps of art, to the rays that dart
From orbs that are fountains of living light.

Sigh not to stay, though the dance, the song,
Oft lure youth and beauty to linger long,
The billows' faint note shall sound almost as sweet,
As the music art-timed to more measured beat.

Ocean so mute, lists to hear thy lute,
And Echo, as floats thy soft voice around,
Will wake from her grave in the gloomy cave,
With a sigh of delight at the heavenly sound.

Come, maiden, come, oh ! if thou canst leave
The eyes that glisten, the hearts that heave
At the sight of thee in thy grace and youth,
For one who hath little but love and truth,
Come o'er the wave to the ocean-cave,
Where the seas below and the stars above,
With the mellow light of the moonbeams bright,
Shall lull thee in dreams of the tenderest love.

FRIENDSHIP.

BELIEVE not that Absence can sever the souls
Which Friendship and Love have united,
For Memory shall rise, like the round moon that rolls
On the gaze of the traveller benighted.
And as the bright ray
Cheers the wanderer's way,
And shews him his distant and well-loved home ;
So the feelings that flow
From Memory's glow,
Shall enlighten, and glad us where'er we may roam.
Then here's to the friends we are sorrowing to leave,
The friends who still love, as they loved in their youth,
And long may it be e'er our souls cease to grieve
For the absent, the faithful, the children of Truth.

It is true, o'er the ocean of absence that parts,
Oblivion's thick mist-clouds are flying,
And they roll between friends ; but to us, to our hearts,
The only oblivion is, dying :
For as souls of the dead
By Charon, 't is said,
Were ferried o'er Styx, after worldly strife,
So Memory's bark,
O'er that ocean dark,
Shall ferry our souls that have love and life.
Then here's to the friends we are sorrowing to leave,
The friends who still love as they loved in their youth,
And long may it be ere our hearts cease to grieve
For the absent, the faithful, the children of Truth.

STANZAS.

WHERE wouldst thou choose to die?—
Like the gallant Wolfe on a foreign strand,
With the sword of Victory in thy hand,
At the head of a forward and faithful band,
Wouldst thou breathe thy last faint sigh?

Or on the crested wave,
When the decks of the grappled vessels close,
And blood like a torrent around thee flows,
When the conqueror's shouts drown the din of blows,
Wouldst thou seek and find a grave?

Or in the glorious cause
Of a country's right, wouldst thou raise the cry,
And behold thy fondest and best hopes fly,
With a changeless heart and unquailing eye,
In strife for her ancient laws ?

Like him of noble name,
Who when heart and voice had essayed in vain
To burst the bonds of the tyrant's chain,
Gave life for his land !— still does Memory retain
Enshrined that deed of fame.

No ! none of these I seek—
Though glory is round them like golden cloud ;
I desire not the warrior's fame-wrought shroud,
Nor the heartless moan of a hireling crowd,
Nor tear on a country's cheek.

But I would die in peace—
Be mine the breathed prayer for the battle-cry,
For the wail of a nation the tearful eye
Of dear ones who yet hail the summons high,
That gives the soul release.

•—

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

Nor a breath broke the stillness—but hark! through
the night,

What sound shakes the city's dark walls with affright?

To arms! 't is the cannon's death-note of dismay!

Arise, ye brave warriors! mount! mount! and away!

The morning gleams faintly and heavily still,

The grey mists hang over plain, river, and hill,

While in many a lattice the taper's dim ray

Contentends with the dawn of the lowering day.

And hark ! the wild trumpet ! the war-horses' neigh,
The squadrons are forming in battle array ;
They have passed in their pride, they are rushing to
meet
The foe, who ere night, shall lie low at their feet.

And see ! 'neath the porch of yon mansion appear
Dark forms, and they speak not, they shed not a tear ;
The knight bears him proudly, the lady is pale,
But though her cheek blanches, she utters no wail.

She feels as the bride of a soldier should feel,
That his sword must flash forth at his country's appeal—
His honour commands, and his honour is hers,
Then far from her soul be all womanish fears.

Yet her heart's love is his, and one treacherous tear
Will burst forth for him to her spirit so dear—

She dashes it off—and with dim upraised eye,
And heart, pleads in faith for his safety on high.

One kiss on that fairest of cheeks—one long gaze,
A hasty caress of the cherub who plays
With his glittering sabre, unconscious of woe,
And he turns, ere his heart burst its bounds, and
o'erflow.

He wreathes a firm hand in his proud courser's mane,
Then springs to the saddle, and spurs o'er the plain—
Away, like the wind, like the light he must fly,
He dares not again meet the glance of that eye.

•—

THE SOLITARY.

He seldom strays amid the crowd,
Among the fair, the famed, and proud,
And if the fairest of the fair,
The Lady Anne be absent there,
He turns his steed—he rides away
From that thronged path of vain display,
Soon o'er the broad and breezy down,
Careering far from court or town.

Here is no crowd of eyes indeed,
To mark his bearing, or his steed ;
But one there is in that lone pile,
Whose slightest glance and slightest smile

Are more than Fortune's rarest gift —
Oh ! 't is for them that now so swift
He spurs along, to halt beneath
Her lattice on the barren heath.

And in the halls where nobles meet,
Where lamp is bright, and music sweet,
Where lovely eyes like planets are,
If Lady Anne, his favourite star
Be not a guest, he stays not long,
Though gay the dance and loud the song ;
Without the eyes he loves the best,
Oh ! what to him are all the rest ?

He leaves for one lone lattice-light,
The hundred lamps and glances bright ;
And should he see her shadow pass
Across the casement's darkened glass,

Or hear her soft-toned voice reply
To the love-strain he wafts on high,
Enough it is—he has a theme
For morning thought and midnight dream.

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTHE.

Who is riding so late through the night's dusky gloom,
While the dew damps his mail, and the blast bends his
plume?

'T is the father who clasps his young child in his arms,
And shields him from cold while he soothes his alarms.

"Thou tremblest my darling, what, what is thy fear?"

"Oh! seest thou not, father, the Erl-king is near!

The Erl-king, with beard and with crown."—"Nay be
still,

It is but thy fear, and the mist on the hill."

ERL-KING.

“ My child, my fair child, I will take thee with me,
And shew thee such wonders, such sights shalt thou see.
In my country the flowers so brightly have blown,
I have rich charming clothes, they shall all be thine own.”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not mind
What the Erl-king is whispering so closely behind ?”
“ Nay, fear not, my son, for thy terror deceives,
'T is the shrill whistling wind through the dry withered
leaves.”

ERL-KING.

“ Wilt thou come, my fine boy, wilt thou come now with
me ?
My daughter shall fondle and wait upon thee ;
My daughter, whose night-song lulls softly to rest,
Shall rock thee, and dance thee, and love thee the best.”

“ Oh ! father, dear father, and dost thou not see
The Erl-king’s fair daughter, near yon gloomy tree ?”
“ I see it my darling, but be not afraid,
’T is the willow that glimmers so gray through the shade.”

ERL-KING.

“ Thy form is so charming—I love thee so well—
What ! thou wilt not come with me ? then force must
compel.”

“ Oh ! father, oh ! father, hold faster, be strong,
The Erl-king has seized me—he drags me along.”

The father fears, trembles, then spurs o’er the plain,
Fast holds he his boy, who is groaning with pain :
He soon reached his castle, he dashed through the gate,
But the son’s life had fled, and the sire was too late !

STANZAS.

BENEATH the hawthorn's blossomed boughs,
That overhang the river's bank,
On bended knee I breathed love's vows
To one who, though of moderate rank,
Had all that elevates high birth,
And walked an ornament to earth.

That hawthorn has not lost its bloom,
But she I hoped to call my bride,
At least her frame, is in the tomb,
So suddenly she drooped and died ;
And now she mingles with the earth
To whose dark dust all owe their birth.

Her beauty was but in the bud,
Her firm tall form, her moonlike eye,

Her cheek exhibiting youth's pure blood—

Were these the things to fade and die ?

Her heaven-bright hair and lip of mirth—

Were they the proper prey of earth ?

Ah ! like a flower—more frail than leaf

That withers in a single night,

Uncertain, changeable, and brief

Life's joys, nay more, *life* takes its flight ;

Swift pass the pride and things of earth,

They perish in their very birth.

Yet, as the root puts quickly forth,

Though dead to view, fresh leaves and bloom,

Despite the frosts that left the north—

We hope that life survives the tomb.

Ay ! let us trust that far from earth

The soul may have another birth.

THE STORM-BOATMAN'S SONG.

THIS calm ! this calm ! I love it not,
With the sun so bright, and the air so hot,
With the silence deep, and the wind too weak
To move the tress on a maiden's cheek ;
The main uncurled by a moment's breath,
As still as the frame that is chained by death,
While that skiff seems anchored to yonder wave,
Ay ! fixed to the deep like a fettered slave.

The breezeless standard like lead hangs down,
The smoke mounts straight from our little town ;
There is not an air that can turn the mill
Though a beacon,* it stands on the highest hill,

* Windmills along the sea-coast are much used as landmarks, by which vessels, and small craft particularly, can steer a certain and sure course, so as to avoid rocks and shoals.

And my bark lies idle within the bay,
While I would gladly dash away
Through open ocean, for heart and soul
With my fancy sail where the billows roll.

For I love the hour of strife and storm,
The hour of tempest in wildest form ;
When the winds leap forth from their hidden home,
And the dark sea is changed to a field of foam ;
When the clouds of spray, and the land's white dust
Are whirled on high by the giant gust,
While the billows break on cliff and shore
With the lightning's force and the thunder's roar.

O ! then in my bark with my gallant band,
I reef the canvass and leave the land ;
Now seen on the crest, now lost in the hollow,
We skim o'er the waves like the rapid swallow ;

While the ear is vain, and the voice is drowned
By the gale's fierce rush and the deep's dread sound—
Then, then is the hour of joy and pride,
And we fear not, but laugh at the wind and tide.

I will not say that I love to see
With the sand and breakers upon her lee,
The stranded ship, but I love to save
The helpless crew from a threatening grave,
Or with aid and anchor to reach the deck
Of the vessel, driving a powerless wreck—
In deeds like this have my limbs grown old,
And they bring me thanks and they bring me gold.

THE EAR-SHELL.

BRING to me, Onda, the magic shell
That mimics the roar of the ocean's swell ;
I am dreaming now of my boyhood's home—
The gallant vessel that cleft the foam :
The ocean once with its deep deep noise,
And its glancing wave, made my highest joys—
The shell—the shell !—I would once more hear
The sound that so often has charmed my ear.

The shell—the shell !—it will conjure up
Far better visions than nectar's cup ;
It will bring to my memory the hollow bark,
That flew like a meteor at midnight dark—

And my crew so loved—they were firm and bold,
And free as the wave that beneath them rolled,
As true as the pole-star that shines above,
Yet I left them all for thy witching love.

But I yearn—I am sighing, despite thy truth,
For the scenes and home of my roving youth—
The bark, and her crew, and the glorious sea
I would never have left but for thee, for thee—
And Onda, dear Onda, it is but thou,
My still strong love, and my faith and vow,
That keep me from cleaving the crested tide,
From all that was once, that is still, my pride.

Then bring to me, Onda, the magic shell,
Though chained to thy side by thy love's strong spell,
In memory and mind I will view again
The realms of the deep and the dark blue main—

Lightly as clouds pass the cliff's pale brow—
Swiftly as bird springs from bough to bough,
Fair Fancy shall waft me from shore to shore,
Bringing boyhood and bliss to my heart once more.

THE SWORD.

HURRA ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the sword in a Briton's hand,

Who never draws

In an unjust cause,

The blade that protects his land—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the swords of the free and brave,

Which will ever fling

Round a patriot king,

The bulwark surest to save—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the swords of the free and brave,

Which will never afford

To a tyrant lord,

Aught but a speedy grave—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the sword to a patriot dear,

That flashes forth

Like storm from the north,

When Freedom's foes are near—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the sword of the gallant knight,

Who is proud to prove

For his ladye-love,

His prowess in the fight—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra! for the glistening sword, Hurra!

For the sword of the champion strong,

Who grants to the weak

The boon they seek,

Redress, or defence from wrong—

Then Hurra! for the glistening sword.

Hurra! for the glistening sword, Hurra!

For the gallant swords that fly

Like light from beneath

The peaceful sheath,

At injured woman's cry—

Then Hurra! for the glistening sword.

Hurra! for the glistening sword, Hurra!

For the sword of him who lends

The generous aid

Of soul and blade,

To his comrades and his friends—

Then Hurra! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the swords of the mighty dead,

Who freely gave

On field and wave,

Their blood for their country shed—

So Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

For the swords of our Heroes bold,

Who to earth still live,

And again would give

The aid that they gave of old—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! for the glistening sword, Hurra !

Oh ! do we not proudly feel

Fresh firmness and might

To uphold the right,

As we grasp the ready steel ?—

Then Hurra ! for the glistening sword.

Hurra ! Hurra ! for the sword, Hurra !

Drink, bravely drink that toast,

Thrice three times o'er,

Till ye match the roar

Of the sea on the rocky coast—

Hurra ! for the glistening sword.



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